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The 23-60 h.p. VAUXHALL

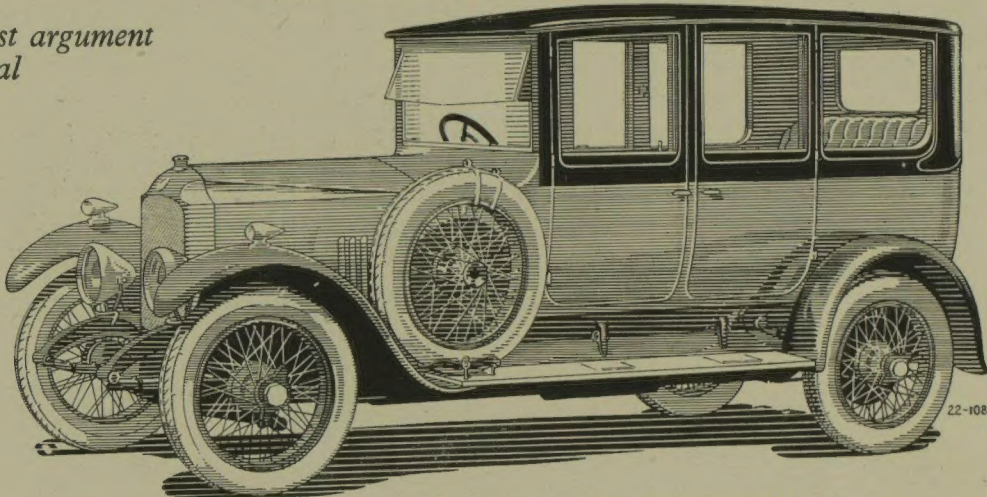
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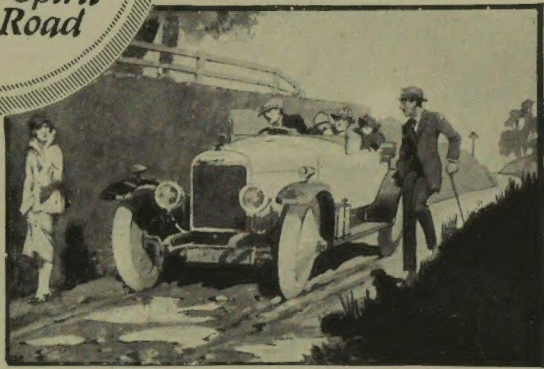
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No
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For particulars of DAY EXCURSIONS on Monday, August 6th, see Handbills.

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issued on Friday, 3rd, and Saturday, 4th August, will be available for return on the following Monday or Tuesday by any train, or on Sunday, August 5th (where the train service permits) by any train after 6 a.m.

Excursion tickets are available for return by specified trains only, as shown in Programmes.

PROGRAMMES AND TICKETS IN ADVANCE may be obtained at EUSTON and ST. PANCRAS STATIONS respectively, and at the Company's various Town Offices. Tickets in advance and Programme of Excursions from St. Pancras may also be obtained at the Offices of THOS. COOK & SON.

For further information respecting Excursions from St. Pancras apply to Station Superintendent, St. Pancras Station, and from Euston to G. N. FORD, District Superintendent, or General Superintendent (Western Division), Euston Station, N.W.1.

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1923.

ARTHUR WATSON, General Manager.

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L.S.W.R. L.B.S.C.R. S.E.A.R.**SUNNY SOUTH & SOUTH WEST**

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.
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**20% Cook:
80% Digestion**

**SOMEONE
ONCE SAID:
GOOD COOKS
MAKE GOOD
DIGESTIONS**

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Pills**

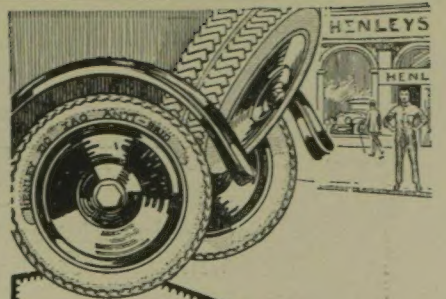
Every good cook knows the disappoint-
ment when one or other of the home
circle is unable to appreciate the meals
provided.

Truly good digestions make good cooks.

You owe it to yourself
—and the good lady
who does your cook-
ing—to be able to
enjoy your food.

Watch your digestion
and there will be no
need to say 'I can't eat
beef,' or 'No pastry
thank you.' You will be able to have
the things you dare not eat now.

Enable yourself to show genuine
appreciation of the cooking by taking
Beecham's Pills whenever you need them.
For generations they have been the real
family remedy and their popularity still
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a wise motorist!*

The motorist who runs on
HENLEY ZIG-ZAG TYRES
is rewarded for his wisdom
in more than one way.

He reaps the advantage from
strong, long-wearing tyres.
"HENLEYS" are remark-
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and are the cheapest tyres
in the end.

"HENLEYS" are "QUAL-
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the finest materials go into
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Let your tyres be HENLEY
ZIG-ZAGS and enjoy the
advantages of extra mileage
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**HENLEY
ZIG-ZAG
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"HENLEYS" GET YOU THERE—AND BACK

Manufactured by
Henley's Tyre & Rubber Co. Ltd.
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**For the Family Holidays**

A cosy little house for the annual family
holiday—or to run down to for a rest at
week-ends. Always ready for you and
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be erected anywhere at shortest notice.

A permanent home at the very low price
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Catalogue £3, illustrated, Motor Houses, Portable
Sheds, Greenhouses, Chalets, etc. For catalogue of
Bungalows, etc., ask for No. 104 also list of Cottages
our world-famed cottage home. Lists sent free.
Write to-day.

Browne & Lilly, Ltd.,
Manufacturers and Exporters,
THAMES SIDE, READING

For a quick good shave

there's nothing to beat the businesslike sweep of the
KROPP, the razor which, by reason of its keen cutting
edge, shaves comfortably and easily without effort.



Black Handle, 10/6. Ivory Handle, 18/.

Every Razor is packed in a Case.

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send postcard for a copy of 'Shaver's Kit' Booklet No. 51.

Wholesale only: OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1.

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TESTED PENS**
No. 1922.**THE "SILVER WONDER"**

A new and most delightful Pen with a special
tuned-up point. It cannot scratch, spurt, or
dig into the paper. Made of silver white metal
that will not corrode. The smoothest and
easiest pen yet made.

Sample box containing 12 pens 6d. to be
obtained from all Stationers or from
PERRY & CO., Ltd.,
49, Old Bailey, E.C. 4.

THE SILVER WONDER
No. 1922
LONDON

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NOVIO

The **FINEST TOILET PAPER** ever produced

Why is NOVIO the most
ECONOMICAL Toilet Paper?
Because NOVIO ROLLS weigh
12 oz. each, and CONTAIN THREE
OR FOUR TIMES MORE than
the so-called cheap rolls made of common
inferior paper.

ANTISEPTIC, THIN, SOFT, STRONG & SILKY.

Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 26, Grove Park, S.E. 5.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN
CARTONS, ROLLS & PACKETS

See "Lancel's"
opinion,
27th July,
1907.

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THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS**

FOR EASY SHAVING.
Without the use of Soap, Water or Brush.
Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and
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Ground, and bears this TRADE
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TINT**

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade
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brown, light-brown, or
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and washable, has no
grease, and does not burn
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ASTHMA
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4s. 6d. a tin
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CHEMISTS

Gives instant re-
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The Standard Remedy for Over 50 Years

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Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6

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To be able to judge the qualities of any good tobacco is to appreciate to the full all that Three Nuns can give you.

The man who knows chooses Three Nuns for its freshness and fragrance, for its uniformity and economy. Each little circlet is a perfect blend in itself, dustless and cool to the bottom of the bowl.

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2-oz. Packets, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

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CIGARETTES
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Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 for 6D.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series

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When Roundhead Defeated Royalist

BOTH Charles I. and Cromwell found refreshment and repose at this old hostelry, at one time known as "Ye Whyte Harte" (the badge of Richard II.), and continuing so to be called until the middle of the nineteenth century, when the property passed into the hands of the Earl of Beauchamp, whose family name is Lygon. The Martyr King is known to have been in the village of Broadway no less than five times during the Civil War, and the statement that he held council with his local adherents in the Oak-panelled Room of the Whyte Harte on May 9 or 10, 1645, is supported by documentary evidence. The district witnessed some of the bloodiest fighting between Roundheads and Royalists, and six years later we find the inn to be the resting place of Cromwell on the eve of the decisive Battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651. (The room occupied by Cromwell is shown in the illustration above, and may be seen to-day by every visitor.)

During repairs to the inn many curious objects have been found, and now form an interesting exhibition. Among them are a number of centuries-old bottles and glasses. It is not unlikely that more than one of these bottles may have contained refreshment for the traveller in the form of the *original* John Haig Whisky, which was first made in 1627. Certain it is that John Haig was well known in the time of Cromwell, and that ever since the reputation of this fine old whisky has been steadily maintained among men of taste.

Dye Ken
John Haig?
 THE ORIGINAL
The Clubman's Whisky
 since 1627



By Appointment

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1923.

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IN PREPARATION FOR COWES: THE KING'S YACHT "BRITANNIA," WITH HIS MAJESTY ON BOARD, WINNING THE ROYAL HARWICH YACHT CLUB'S HANDICAP FOR YACHTS OVER 110 TONS—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE "NYRIA'S" DECK.

The "Britannia," which is also illustrated on a double-page in this issue, beat her only rival, the "Nyria," by nearly seven minutes (after the deduction of the loser's handicap allowance). The racing was over the Down Swin course, from Southend to Harwich.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN a leading article in a leading paper, insisting on the need of vaccination in face of the small-pox scare or menace, the writer observes, "Is it really worth while being obsolete and retrograde by resisting vaccination when, at regularly recurrent intervals, that resistance brings such penalties?"—referring to the quarantine of Gloucester. I select this subject because it is one of the very few subjects on which I have no opinion whatever. I know nothing against vaccination. I know nothing about vaccination. I have not the rudiment of anything resembling a conscience (I mean in this respect), far less a conscientious objection calculated to impress a magistrate. I should certainly be vaccinated every other month or so, if any really responsible authority insists on it, for where conviction makes no express objection, civic obedience is the rule. I am therefore taking a case in which I have no controversial bias one way or the other, so that I can protest on impartial intellectual grounds against a certain controversial method. I protest against one bad argument which makes a botheration about a hundred different questions, but which is here represented by calling the anti-vaccinationist's position "obsolete and retrograde."

Now, what is wrong with this argument is that it always means a refusal to discuss a question on its merits. I do not propose to discuss anti-vaccination on its merits. I do not know whether anti-vaccination has any merits to discuss. I do not propose to discuss it at all. But I am quite certain that people ought to discuss it on its merits, if they do discuss it at all. If I were called upon to consider the subject I should try to consider the subject itself, and not these rhetorical recriminations about whether a thing is old or new. I should not ask whether the anti-vaccinationist was retrograde, but whether he was right. I should not ask whether the neglect of vaccination was obsolete, but whether it was wrong. The case of the word "obsolete" especially gives the argument away, for it is obvious that if a sufficient number of people did wrong it would cease to be obsolete, however clearly it was wrong. It is obvious that the controversialist is not really convinced that anti-vaccination is obsolete; on the contrary, he is fighting against some alleged danger that vaccination will be obsolete. If he were not fighting against that, it would not be worth his while to fight at all.

And it is obvious that if a new theory appears later than vaccination, the latter does become relatively obsolete, or at least relatively retrograde. But it remains exactly as right or wrong as it was before. For instance, the modern practice of faith-healing among the Christian Scientists certainly arose later than the Victorian practice of vaccination. The Christian Scientists would presumably propose to treat small-pox not by vaccination or any medical method, but by a purely mental method, such as meditation, or possibly what is called absent treatment. The flippant might say that it would certainly be much safer to treat a small-pox patient by absent treatment. The doctor might fairly claim that it was a more courageous thing to vaccinate, since it would be difficult to vaccinate a man ten miles away. But though the doctor might be courageous he would certainly be retrograde in the only rational sense which the word can bear; he would be going back to an older treatment in preference to a newer one. In the face

of Christian Science vaccination would be retrograde; and in proportion to the advance of Christian Science vaccination would be obsolete. But it might be completely obsolete and completely right.

I have taken this very elementary example to illustrate a very elementary truism, because it is exactly this obvious truth that needs to be repeated to the point of tedium in answer to half-a-hundred heresies to-day. This talk about progress and retrogression is to be resisted, not because progress is never to be achieved, not because retrogression is never to be deplored, but because the talk about these two abstractions always hampers the discussion of the intrinsic truth involved. What we want to know is whether Christian Science does, in fact, cure disease. What we want to know is whether vaccination does, in fact, prevent small-pox. We may not be in a position to know; we may not have the training to know; it may not lie in our own line of business or

This very simple fallacy, which I have here once more indicated in equally simple language, is indeed applied not only to a question like vaccination, about which I have the lofty impartiality of ignorance, but to many questions on which I have the strong partisanship which commonly comes with a certain amount of knowledge. But I am more interested for the moment in the fallacy itself than in even the most important problems to which it is applied. It seems to me that if we could get this one drivelling digression out of the way, we should establish something like a short cut to the heart of every problem. Let us not discuss whether it is best to go back or best to go forward, but what is really the best place to go to. Let us not discuss whether it is best to stay wherever we are, but whether we have really found the best place to stay in. The infantile simplicity of this distinction does not seem even yet to be made clear to many critics discussing matters in which I happen to be more interested than I am in anti-vaccinationists, and about which I happen even to know a little more than I know about small-pox.

For instance, let us not discuss whether I am romantic and reactionary in thinking that the mediæval guild system was good; let us discuss whether it *was* good. The latter course involves the very interesting process of talking about the subject itself; the former only involves the tedious process of talking about me. As soon as we know what mediæval guilds were, we shall instantly realise that they are not admired merely for being mediæval. On the contrary, they are admired because they fought for ideals of equality, of citizenship, of the just reward of labour; and there is a sense in which these may be called quite modern ideals. The point is that some of us think they were better designed to achieve these modern ideals than anything in modern times. The truth is, of course, that the whole jargon of words like modern and mediæval is a nuisance and nothing else. These mediæval things were good not because they were mediæval, but because they were moral;

they took rather more seriously certain permanent ideals of justice and mercy. It is the cold, colourless, historical truth about them that they did try to conform commercial and economic relations to certain ethical rules; and that the modern movement of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries claimed to liberate economic effort from those rules, and to a great extent from any rules. We see before us the result of that liberty; and some have so eccentric a vision as to mistake it for slavery. Their sight is doubtless bewitched and bewildered by mediæval delusions; but it would be rather difficult to prove that the ordinary Socialist or striker is misled by mediæval doctrines. Anyhow, the first step to sanity and stability of action is this step of considering institutions and proposals intrinsically and on their merits. If the Chinese invented fireworks, we need not ask in what Chinese dynasty it was done before we consent to send up a rocket to save a sinking ship. If the ancient Egyptians had surgical instruments, we need not verify the exact date of Tutankhamen before we cut off a man's leg to save his life. It may be sentimental always to regret the past; it is even even more sentimental always to regret any regret of the past. What we want is to be free to take our pick of the past for the necessities of the present.



AT "CASTERBRIDGE, IN WESSEX": THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH MR. AND MRS. THOMAS HARDY IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOUSE AT DORCHESTER.

During his last week's three-day tour in the West, the Prince visited Mr. Thomas Hardy, at Max Gate, the house which the veteran poet and novelist, once an architect, years ago designed for himself. The Prince's entry into Dorchester was heralded by children singing, appropriately enough, the chorus from "The Dynasts," set specially to music.—[Photograph by C.N.]

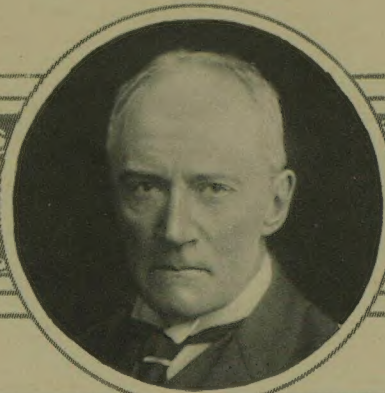
duty to know; we may not even very much want to know; but that is the only thing that is worth knowing. To be told in a vague way about the chronological order in which the two things happened to appear in history, or to be told that each of them is called by its enemies retrogressive and by its friends progressive is to get no nearer to that nucleus of the matter at all. In one sense vaccination is already pretty old; in another sense faith-healing is immeasurably older; but these are not the questions we want to ask about either one or the other. The questions we really want to ask are in any case difficult enough to answer. When they are questions of scientific evidence, they would in any case put an ordinary person to a great deal of trouble in order to collect the evidence. But his only intelligent course is either to collect it or to leave it alone, as I leave vaccination alone. To discuss whether one thing is really more old-fashioned than another, or more new-fangled than another, is a sheer waste of his time. And to throw himself thoughtlessly on to the side of whatever he has heard is new-fangled against anything he has heard is old-fashioned will be something rather worse than a waste of his life; it is very likely to be the positive poisoning of his life with all sorts of sophistry and insanity.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, S. AND G., L.N.A., C.P., C.N., E. O. HOPPÉ, VANDYK, AND ROUGH.



THE "ZOO'S" NEW CURATOR OF REPTILES: MISS JOAN PROCTER.



A FAMOUS SCHOLAR AND CRITIC: THE LATE PROFESSOR W. P. KER.



M.P. FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES: THE LATE MR. T. A. LEWIS.



KILLED IN MEXICO: "PANCHO" VILLA, GUERRILLA CHIEF AND BANDIT.



A FAMOUS SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR: THE LATE MR. LOUIS CALVERT.



A NOTABLE EVANGELICAL: THE LATE PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE.



SAILORS CHAIRING THE KING'S PRIZEMAN: CAPTAIN E. H. ROBINSON AT BISLEY.



OF DREYFUS MEMORY: THE LATE M. DUPUY, A FORMER PREMIER OF FRANCE.



TO BE GOVERNOR OF NYASALAND: SIR CHAS. CALVERT BOWRING.



LOSERS OF THE PATRIOTIC CUP: THE IRISH POLO TEAM, AT HURLINGHAM.



WINNERS OF THE PATRIOTIC CUP: THE ENGLISH POLO TEAM, AT HURLINGHAM.

Miss Joan Procter, F.Z.S., F.L.S., who is to be Curator of Reptiles at the "Zoo," is already known to readers of "The Illustrated London News" through her work on the tanks for the new Aquarium, illustrations of which were given in our issue of July 14 last. She is twenty-five.—"General" Villa, whose death, either through assassination or in a general mêlée, is announced from Mexico, was in turn cattle-thief, soldier, brigand, and politician. His punitive expedition cost the U.S. many millions.—Mr. Louis Calvert, who died in New York, was a famous actor and producer. Born in 1859, he began his real career in 1886, appearing under Irving at the Lyceum. Four years later, he had formed his own company. In America his reputation as actor and producer was equally

high.—In Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Evangelicals have lost a stalwart supporter. He was a founder of the Keswick Convention and an active member of the Church Missionary Society.—M. Dupuy was thrice Premier of France. His "Messieurs, la séance continue," on the occasion of an Anarchist throwing a bomb into the Chamber, made a profound sensation. He was an anti-Dreyfusard.—On the 21st, England beat Ireland by 7 goals to 3 in the polo match for the Patriotic Cup, at Hurlingham. From left to right in our photographs are: Ireland—Major J. A. E. Traill, Major F. W. Barrett, Captain C. T. I. Roark, Hon. A. Hastings; and England—Lieut.-Colonel T. P. Melvill, Major E. G. Atkinson, Major A. L. Tate, and Lord Cholmondeley.

MUCH UNDER DISCUSSION: KENYA COLONY, ITS CAPITAL AND COUNTRY.



NEVER CLIMBED TILL 1899: THE SNOW-CAPPED CONE OF MOUNT KENYA, NEAR THE EQUATOR.



A COFFEE-GROWING DISTRICT: NEAR NYERI, 6000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.



IN THE NORTHERN HALF OF THE COLONY: "SAVANNAH" BUSH, AND A LAND OF LITTLE RAINFALL.



WHERE THE RAILWAY WILL ONE DAY RUN: TYPICAL SCENERY ON THE COAST OF KENYA.



THE CAPITAL TOWN: A SEMI-EUROPEANISED STREET IN NAIROBI.



A RELIC OF THE OLD CONQUEST: THE PORTUGUESE FORT AT MOMBASA; NOW A JAIL.



A WHITE MAN'S HOME: A SETTLER'S BUNGALOW AND GARDEN NEAR NAIROBI.



IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT PIONEER: VASCO DA GAMA STREET IN MOMBASA.

Formerly British East Africa, Kenya Colony, as it was renamed in 1920, has lately taken a prominent place in Parliamentary discussion. The main question at issue is as to the status of the Indian settlers, the Legislative Assembly of India taking the firm stand that no race discrimination should be exercised. The question is extremely complicated, involving the natives, the white settlers, and the British Indians. At a Cabinet meeting on July 23, it was announced that the Government's decision would probably be promulgated this week. Another point

that has been exercising Parliament concerns the Kenya railways, and as to whether the Voi-Taveta line—a link between Kenya and the old "German East," now Tanganyika, but one which needs almost rebuilding and can only be run at a considerable loss—should be allowed to remain, or be pulled up. The Colony, which takes its name from Mount Kenya, a volcanic peak of 17,000 feet near the Equator, was first colonised by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, and many traces of the old occupation are still to be found.

AT OOTACAMUND: HUNTING THE JACKAL; AND THE RACES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



THE OPENING MEET OF THE SEASON OF THE OOTACAMUND HUNT: THE PACK AND THE FIELD SETTING OUT AFTER JACKAL.



GUESTS AT FERNHILL PALACE: H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE (EXTREME LEFT), AND CAPTAIN E. FANSHAW AND LADY WILLINGDON (EXTREME RIGHT).



ON THE WENLOCK DOWNS: THE PACK—WITH THE JOINT MASTERS, MRS. CURRIE AND CAPTAIN FANSHAW; COLONEL DENISTOUN, A WHIP AND FORMER MASTER; AND NATIVE WHIPS.



AT THE OOTACAMUND RACES ON GOVERNOR'S CUP DAY:
THE PADDOCK.



AT THE OOTACAMUND RACES ON GOVERNOR'S CUP DAY:
THE BOOKMAKERS BUSY.

By invitation of Colonel H.H. the Maharajah of Mysore, the Ootacamund Hunt held its opening meet—a lawn meet—recently at the Palace at Fernhill. The season lasts until October, and the hounds hunt jackal on the Wenlock Downs and Nilgiri Hills. Mrs. Currie and Captain E. Fanshawe are Joint Masters.

Ootacamund, which is the chief health resort of the Madras Presidency, and some years ago became the summer headquarters of the Government of Madras, is situated on an extensive plateau in an amphitheatre encircled by hills, and it has a noteworthy artificial lake.

THE "GLORIOUS" END OF THE SEASON: GOODWOOD,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL,

SCENE OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE OF MEETINGS.

AEROFILMS, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



HIST OF THE KING AND QUEEN: THE DUKE
OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.



SHOWING THE TRUNDLE, A HILL WHICH FORMS A NATURAL "GRAND



STAND" FOR THE PUBLIC: RACING AT GOODWOOD—A FINISH.



CO-HOSTESS TO THE ROYAL PARTY:
THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



THE PRETTIEST COURSE IN ENGLAND: GOODWOOD, NESTLING IN THE SUSSEX HILLS, AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



WHERE THE MOST "SELECT" MEETING IN THE WORLD IS HELD: GOODWOOD, NEAR CHICHESTER, WITH ITS FAMOUS RACE-COURSE.

The opening of Goodwood, on July 31, marks the end of the London season. Inaugurated nearly a century ago, in 1825, the famous meeting has for many years heralded the exodus of Society to Cowes, Scotland, and France. Though Goodwood is the most "exclusive" of all our race meetings, the public are really able to see more of the racing than on any other course, the finishing straight being dominated by the Trundle, a hill which forms a perfect and natural "Grand Stand" for as many as choose to avail themselves of it. Our second illustration gives a fine view of this feature. The Queen is again staying with the

King at Goodwood House, where they are to be the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. His Grace's daughters, the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Violet Brassey, are acting as hostesses. This year, for the first time, ladies holding paddock tickets will enjoy a stand to themselves, instead of, as formerly, having to mount to the highest point of the Grand Stand to enjoy a view of the racing. Many distinguished people are at the house-parties, always a feature of the week, in the various big houses of the neighbourhood.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, AND KEYSTONE.



RISING FROM THE ASHES OF THE RUINED CITY: THE NEWLY CONSTRUCTED SQUARE IN YPRES.



ANOTHER ADORNMENT FOR LONDON: MR. EPSTEIN'S DESIGN FOR THE STATUARY GROUP FOR THE BUSH BUILDING.



THIS YEAR'S LARGEST MUSTER OF WAR-SHIPS: PART OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET OFF TORBAY.



THE BELGIAN EDITH CAVELL: THE MONUMENT TO GABRIELLE PETIT UNVEILED IN BRUSSELS.



A UNIQUE WAR MEMORIAL: LOUGHBOROUGH'S BELL-TOWER, WHOSE 47 BELLS ARE PLAYED FROM A KEYBOARD.



BY MICHAEL ANGELO? THE STATUETTE OF "DAVID," WHOSE PURCHASE IS ATTRACTING ARTISTIC ATTENTION.

On the shattered site of Ypres, the most tragic of the cities of the war, is rising a new town, where fresh associations will do much to obliterate the bitter memories of the past. Our illustration, taken in the Square, pays tribute to the indefatigable energy and powers of recuperation of the Belgians.—The Bush Building, London's new "skyscraper," is to be adorned by a group of statuary. Designed by Epstein, it depicts the Homage of Labour to the Angel of Peace.—The Atlantic Fleet, lying off Torbay, began its regatta on the 23rd. This is the largest muster of British war-ships assembled this year. Our picture shows in the foreground the "Queen Elizabeth."—There was recently unveiled at Brussels

a monument to Gabrielle Petit, who in 1914 organised an information service for the Allies, and, being denounced by a spy, was shot by the enemy. It also commemorates all Belgian women who died for their country.—Loughborough's War Memorial, opened on the 22nd by Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, takes the novel form of a Bell Tower, believed to be the finest in the world, with a peal of 47 bells. Thirty thousand people attended the inauguration ceremony.—A bronze statuette of David has been bought by Mr. Spero, the well-known connoisseur. It is thought that it may have been the model for Michael Angelo's famous lost "David."

REJUVENATION BY GLANDULAR GRAFTS: ITS EXPONENT.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY STEVEN SPURRIER.



SPEAKING AT THE SURGICAL CONGRESS: DR. SERGE VORONOFF, WHO CLAIMS THAT HUMAN BEINGS CAN BE REJUVENATED BY THE TRANSFERENCE TO THEM OF CERTAIN GLANDS.

Some time ago the world was intensely interested by the claim made by Dr. Serge Voronoff, of Paris, that, under certain conditions, it was possible to rejuvenate an elderly man by grafting on to him younger glands from another body. Last October, speaking before the Experimental Surgery Section of the Collège de France, which on a former occasion had declined to hear him, the Doctor gave a startling illustration of his theory in the form of a film of a man upon whom he had operated, who showed distinct signs of rejuvenation. Speaking last week before the Congress of the International Surgical Society, he referred frankly to

the dangers underlying his "treatment," but quoted cases which seemed to prove its absolute success in certain circumstances, and produced photographs of rams before and after treatment, the latter certainly showing a remarkable change. Another speaker mentioned that he had investigated several cases, and that the "cure" was physical, and could not have been brought about by auto-suggestion. Our illustration shows Professor Hartman in the chair, and Dr. Voronoff elaborating his remarkable theories, which, it is now claimed by its supporters, can be applied to women as well as men.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The Home of Abraham: Ur of the Chaldees.

By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY.

FOLLOWING on the work already done by Mr. Campbell Thompson and Dr. Hall, the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the University Museum, Philadelphia, continued last winter the excavation of Ur of the Chaldees, the original home of Abraham. *The Illustrated London News* has already published in its issues of April 1, 1922, and March 17 and April 23, 1923, a number of the objects found by us; now I propose to give a short general account of the historical results of the season.

Ur of the Sumerians, which only later in its long history became a Chaldean town, was regarded by the Babylonians as one of man's oldest settlements, and the claim is clearly not without foundation. At some time incredibly remote a village of the Stone Age must have occupied the site of the future city. Gradually, through the Copper Age, it grew, and as it grew, with new houses of sun-dried brick ever being built upon the ruins of the old, it rose higher above the dead level of the Euphrates plain until, when first chronology begins, it was already a high mound. Only the north-east part, where stood the temples of the gods, kept at a lower level, for here the buildings were more permanent, and their neighbourhood was kept free of the rubbish which piled itself between the houses of the town. Ur became an inhabited

The wall, of unbaked mud brick decorated with vertical grooves or recesses, is a double one, two walls, each nine feet thick, enclosing a series of chambers some thirteen feet wide, so that its total width is over thirty feet: in places it still stands nearly ten feet high, with every detail of the brickwork wonderfully well preserved. Often one could distinguish in its fabric traces of rebuilding or repairs: in the gateways we found the great inscribed stone sockets of the doors, set in boxes of brick which kept the hinges free from dirt, and these bricks, too, would bear the names of the royal restorers. Ur-Engur's grandson, Bur-Sin, was the first of these; the last was Cyrus the Great; so that the mud-brick wall served its purpose for two thousand years.

In the west corner of the temenos stood the ziggurat, a huge solid tower faced with brick which, rising in four successive stages, dominated the city; a staircase led to the first platform, and thence a winding ramp ran round the tower to the summit, whereon was probably a small shrine. Much work remains to be done on this. Our photograph shows part of the S.E. face of the lowest storey, cleared by Dr. Hall. The brickwork seen here is that of Ur-Engur and his son Dungi. Two thousand years after it was built, Nabonidus cased part of the façade with bright

blue glazed bricks, and adorned it with statues: one of these we have found, but others probably remain buried beneath the mass of fallen bricks at the foot of the tower.

Below the ziggurat lay a complex of temples, the chief of which was the temple of the Moon-god Nannar. Dr. Hall, in 1919, had excavated part of its sanctuary; last season we only did sufficient work on it to prove that the existing walls were built by Ur-Engur (whose statuette we found secreted in the brickwork of one corner), and that the central block was divided into sanctuary proper and lodgings for the chief priest. Our main task was the thorough clearing of a smaller temple called E-nun-makh, dedicated to the Moon-god and

his consort. This consisted of a little five-roomed shrine surrounded by service-chambers, the whole enclosed by a heavily buttressed wall over nine feet thick. It is immensely old. Originally it was built of "green" bricks—i.e., mud cubes which had not even been sun-dried, and which, set in mud

embedded in later floors, showed that foreign kings, the sovereigns of Agade, were already making their offerings to the shrine before 2600 B.C.; but even then the building may have boasted a respectable age. By the time that we can identify the work of Ur-Engur



A RELIC OF THE PERSIAN ERA OF UR: A TEMPLE FLOOR OF SEA-SHELLS SET IN CLAY—POSSIBLY THE ANCIENT EQUIVALENT OF THE MODERN PRAYER-RUG.

Cyrus the Great of Persia, though a Zoroastrian, yet paid honour to the ancient gods of Sumer and Babylon, repairing and restoring the age-old shrine of Ur.

mound—a city set upon a hill—with a sacred quarter lying at the mound's foot. Such it must have been, with ages of history behind it, when, about three thousand years before Christ, it became a fief of the kingdom of Lagash. A record of those times is preserved to us in the shape of a statue of Entemena (about 2900 B.C.), the last of the Lagash kings who, were also lords of Ur, found in the ruins of one of the gateways of the "temenos." The statue, whose head was broken off in antiquity, perhaps when Ur rebelled against its foreign masters, shows the king wearing a sheepskin robe with fleece elaborately curled and the tail hanging tassel-like from the girdle, and across the shoulders runs a long inscription in Sumerian recording the monarch's name and pedigree. This mutilated but venerable relic seems to have been set up on the "ziggurat" (tower) by Nabonidus (555-538 B.C.), the last king of Babylon and the first archaeologist in history.

When, about 2300 B.C., a native dynasty was established at Ur, its founder, Ur-Engur, set to work to strengthen and adorn his capital. All round the city he built a great defensive wall. Inside this he built another wall to embrace the old temple quarter together with part of the town mound that might serve as site for a royal palace, enclosing thus a rectangle some four hundred yards long by two hundred yards wide. It is in this temenos, or sacred area, that most of our season's work has been done: almost the whole of its outline has been traced, one building completely and one partly excavated, and the position of others at least provisionally fixed.



TO RECORD THE RESTORATION BY KING RIM SIN, ABOUT 1950 B.C.: INSCRIBED CLAY CONES.

After the destruction of the great tower and temple of Ur by the Persians, these records were thrown into a well. They were recovered recently.

mortar, formed a homogeneous mass hardly recognisable as walling. Over the ruins of this a later ruler built in sun-dried brick; another followed his example; fragments of carved and inscribed vases of steatite and alabaster, found thrown away and



AN ANTIQUITY EVEN TO THE BABYLONIANS: THE HEADLESS DIORITE STATUE OF ENTEMENA, LAST LAGASH LORD OF UR—SHOWING THE INSCRIPTION ENGRAVED ON THE SHOULDERS.

After about a century, between 3000 and 2900 B.C., of Lagash lordship, Ur revolted. It is possible that this statue, a venerable antiquity in the days of Nabonidus of Babylon, lost its head in the rebellion.

(2300 B.C.), the temple had been completely rebuilt several times, and the building with which Abraham was familiar when he walked the streets of Ur was perhaps the fifth to occupy the site. Yet from its first foundation to some 1400 years after Abraham's time, E-nun-makh, constantly repaired and reconstructed, preserved the same form and character, each king laying his bricks exactly on the lines of the old work; and it was only in 600 B.C. that Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, transformed the venerable building. Even he respected the original sanctuary, only repaving its five chambers with bricks bearing his own name, and adding two projecting wings to its façade; but he did away with all the service-chambers in front of it, filling up their ruins with debris, and covering the whole with a brick pavement.

The old sanctuary had been strictly private, hidden away behind the priests' chambers, and only approached by a narrow winding corridor. In the sixth century reconstruction there stretched before the shrine a large open courtyard. A step, probably once bronze-covered, led up to a smaller court recessed between the newly built wings of the shrine. On this, directly in front of the shrine door, rose a rectangular altar of brick and bitumen, once covered over with metal plates, having in front of it a table for offerings and behind it a low footstool for the ministrant priest. Inside the sanctuary, facing the door, we found the remains of the pedestal on which stood the statue. Clearly the ritual had been changed, and a kind of congregational worship had taken the place of, or been added to, the old secret rites: the crowd gathered in the lower courtyard would watch the sacrifice performed at the altar, and through the open door would see, behind the figure of the priest, the golden statue of the god gleaming in the darkened shrine.

Inevitably we are reminded of the Bible story of Nebuchadnezzar and the Three Children. There was nothing new in the king's making of a statue: does not the innovation lie rather in the order that whosoever heard the sackbut was to fall down and worship?

[Continued in Box opposite.]

DRAINAGE OF 2000 B.C.: AT UR OF THE CHALDEES.



FOR LEADING OFF THE RAINWATER FROM THE FLAT ROOFS: A DRAIN OF BURNT BRICKS IN THE OUTER WALL OF UR (E-NUN-MAKH).



A TERRA-COTTA DRAIN OF THE TIME OF NEBUCHADREZZAR—AND A FIVE-THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD WALL.

Continued from previous page.]

Such an enforcement of public worship agrees remarkably well with the structural changes introduced by Nebuchadrezzar in the temple of E-nun-makh. Two generations later the temple again underwent repairs, this time at the hands of Cyrus the Great. In the Old Testament, Cyrus is held up to our admiration as the servant of the one true God: for his Persian subjects, he was a follower of Zoroaster; yet here we find him doing honour to the old gods of Sumer and Babylon. Evidently Henri IV. was not the first king in history to find that *Paris vaut une messe*! But, though the first of the great Persian monarchs might find it politic to become all things to all men in his newly conquered empire, the spirit of Zoroastrianism was intolerant enough, and the ruins of ziggurat and temple still preserve the marks of the fire which, within a hundred years of Cyrus's time, destroyed the pagan monuments of Babylonia and brought to an end the age-long history of Ur. From Ur we may hope to learn much about the beginnings of man's civilisation, and the origins of a creed which more than any other has influenced his development. A good start has been made, but it is only a start, and years of excavation will be necessary to exhaust the site; but the British Museum will need financial help if it is to continue for long its collaboration with Philadelphia in a work which promises results far more important than any yet obtained.



WITH A COVERED BRICK DRAIN RUNNING ACROSS THE FLOOR: THE ENTRANCE COURT OF THE TEMPLE AS ABRAHAM KNEW IT.



CAPPED BY AN INVERTED BOWL AND A BRICK WITH A HOLE IN IT: A DRAIN BELOW NEBUCHADREZZAR'S COURTYARD.



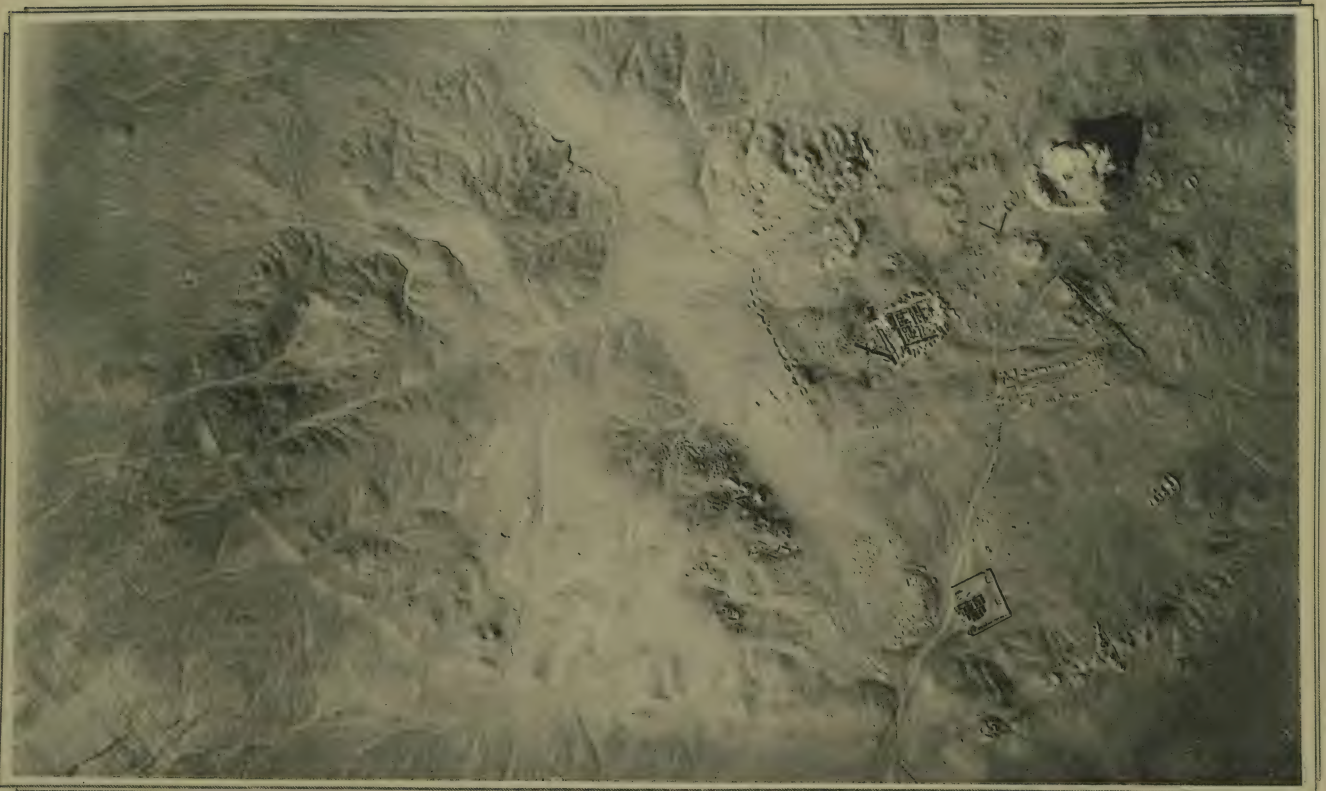
THE ALTAR OF BLOOD-SACRIFICE (A) AND ITS DRAIN (B): THE UPPER COURT IN FRONT OF THE SANCTUARY.

A village in some remote period of the Stone Age, Ur was already a city when history began. The Chaldean association which we of to-day give it came, in reality, at a later stage in its story, and the town, originally Sumerian, set on a mound by the accumulation of the centuries in the plains of Mesopotamia, was regarded by the Babylonians themselves as one of man's earliest settlements. Such a cradle of humanity has long attracted archaeological research, and "The Illustrated London News" has already published numerous results of the excavations undertaken by the British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia. The work has since been continued, and some of the results are shown above.

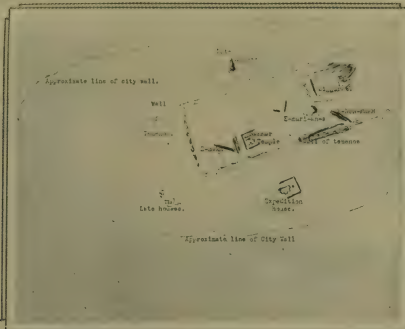
The bricks of the drain seen in the first picture are set in bitumen. The lower courses of the brickwork at the side of the drain date from about 2225 B.C., the upper from about 2000. In the fourth picture, the brickwork to the left is part of the priest's chamber destroyed by Nebuchadrezzar when remodelling the temple. The drain is of terra-cotta pipes. In the fifth picture (A) is the altar of Nebuchadrezzar, (B) the drain from the altar of blood-sacrifice, and (C) part of the underlying pavement of Nebuchadrezzar. In the third picture one drain of about 2000 B.C. is cut into by another (vertical) of 700 B.C.; while the walls are partly of 2000 B.C., and partly of the "restoration" period of 400 years later.

A CHALDÆAN CITY CHARTED FROM THE CLOUDS: AIR-PHOTOGRAPHS REVEALING UR.

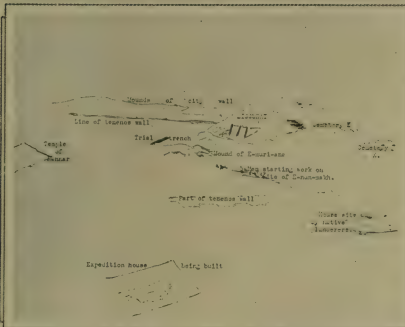
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A VERY ANCIENT CITY VIEWED FROM A VERY MODERN INVENTION: THE SITE OF UR, ABRAHAM'S BIRTHPLACE, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.



A KEY-PLAN TO THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN ABOVE: THE EXCAVATIONS (MOSTLY BY DR. HALL IN 1919) AS SEEN AT THE START OF THIS SEASON.



A ROUGH KEY TO THE PERSPECTIVE VIEW GIVEN ON THE RIGHT: ON THE SITE OF UR; ITS CITY AND SANCTUARY WALLS, AND ITS "ZIG-ZAG" WALL.



A CITY SET ON A HILL: THE HUGE MOUND OF UR, RISING, WITH CENTURY AFTER CENTURY OF SUCCESSIVE CIVILISATIONS, FROM THE PLAINS OF MESOPOTAMIA.

Exactly as, during the Great War, it was discovered that under-water objects, invisible from the surface, could be easily picked out by an aeroplane observer, so the "bird's-eye view" has proved its powers on land in more peaceful directions. In our own country, the precise run of ancient earthworks and encampments, long a puzzle to the surface-sighted antiquary, has been readily picked up from a 'plane, an aerial photograph instantly showing the long-buried "cuts." In Mesopotamia, where excavations on the site of the ancient Ur have been in progress

(as illustrated in previous issues of "The Illustrated London News"), the expedition has been assisted by the Royal Air Force, and the very remarkable photographs which we are permitted to print above clearly show the invaluable aid of the aeroplane to the archaeologist, every detail of the thousands-of-years-old earthworks and of recent excavations being revealed as in a model relief map. Aerial photography, at present hardly beyond its infancy, may yet open out a whole world of knowledge as to the history of the human race.

A WINNER DESPITE HER THIRTY YEARS: THE KING'S FAMOUS OLD YACHT RACING ONCE AGAIN.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED

LONDON NEWS" BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.



TO RACE FOR HER ROYAL OWNER'S CUP, AT COWES: HIS MAJESTY'S

With the King's "Britannia" re-commissioned, yachting has revived its old strength for the first time since the war. His Majesty, though an enthusiast on the sport, did not put the famous old cutter into commission last year for reasons of economy, with the result that, as far at least as big boats were concerned, the racing was largely non-existent. The "Britannia" has now been overhauled, re-planked and re-coppered, and, for all her thirty years, is one of the finest of her class, if not, at all events in strong winds—where she shows her wonderful powers to windward—actually the best. After winning the Royal Temple

"BRITANNIA" LEADING IN A "BIG CLASS" RACE—RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND.

Yacht Club Race at Deal, she proceeded to Southend. Here she won the "big class" race to Harwich, by a clear two knots. On August 7 she is to compete at the Royal Yacht Squadron's Cowes Meeting in the handicap race for the King's Cup, and it is expected that Princess Mary will sail in her. Of her principal rivals, the "Nyria" is at her best in light weather, and "White Heather" in moderate winds; the form of Mr. Lee's "Terpsichore" is largely an unknown quantity. Captain Albert Turner is in command of "Britannia," with Major Philip Hunloke as steersman.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.]

Less a Master than Henry VIII.: The King in Ancient Egypt.

"SOCIAL LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT": By SIR WILLIAM FLINDERS PETRIE.*

EVERYONE "smelt the earth" before the King in ancient Egypt, kneeling and bringing the forehead to the ground. Amen, no doubt, favoured him, saluting violently. The bark of the god, swaying on the shoulders of the priests, must have grown heavy at appropriate moments. To his Majesty was the pear mace, and, in his own land, there were two horses to his chariot. He was the fount of Honour, the dispenser of gold ornaments for valour: "The bees and the lion were the special symbols; besides which were the more usual bracelets, necklets, clasps for the arm, and vases for ointment. Golden hatchets were also given, equivalent to a modern sword of honour, inlaid and decorated," rewards named only in the Eighteenth Dynasty—in the Twelfth the "Victoria Cross" was represented by a staff of electrum, a bow, and a dagger ornamented with electrum.

Without such a titular head, many a Pooh-bah could not have flourished: "The official class were great pluralists in early times; it is rare to find a fine tomb without a string of titles of the owner. The scandal grew till the Sixth Dynasty, and then the corruption broke the country, and the Syrian came in. Aba of Deir Gebrawi was, in rank—heir, prince, second to the King; in court—royal seal-bearer, ruler of the palace, keeper of the thrones, chamberlain, master of the wardrobe, secretary; in justice—elder of the judgment hall, scribe of temple records; in religion—chief reciter of magic, sacrificing priest, director of every divine office, director of divine matters, priest of a pyramid; in the country—ruler of two nomes far apart, over the granaries, fowling pools, and treasuries, over the south land, and keeper of the old southern capital and fortress at El Kab"—in all, forty offices for one man, and not without emoluments!

The ruler was Ra, or Amen, on earth—Tut-ankh-amen was the "living image of Amen." "In the tale of Sanehat, the goodwill of the King to him has to be celebrated by a chorus of the princesses singing adulation. The 'customs of the palace and maxims of the court' had to be carefully observed when courtiers were introduced to 'ascend to the King.' Still more care was needed over countrymen and foreigners, and the master of the ceremonies was proud of his ability to 'range the princes in their places.'"

His political position was that of "successor to several separate states. . . . He was by descent the head of the old southern capital, Hierakonpolis (*Nekhen*), and, as such, the falcon was his great emblem. . . . Next, he was lord of the opposite city of El Kab (*Nekheb*), and also of the northern capital of the delta, Buto, the double lordship being figured by the vulture and uræus of the two city goddesses. He also acquired the dominion of Sais, figured by the bee (*bati*), and paired this with the rule of the south land figured by the rush, *juncus* (*nesut*); whether that represented a definite capital originally is not clear, it certainly was the emblem of the south land. The Set tribe, who were so strong in the Second Dynasty, appear to have been finally crushed by the great change of the Fourth Dynasty, when the falcon king triumphed over Set-nubti, represented by the sign *nub*, on which the falcon stands. The last acquisition was taking over the rights of the old Heliopolitan kingdom by inheritance from the high priests, at the Fifth Dynasty, after which the King is the *heq*, represented by the sceptre treasured in the temple there."

So, too, the King was High Priest of Horus and of Ra; and when he died—were he of the Twelfth

Dynasty—he "flew up to heaven and joined the sun's disc, the follower of the god met his maker. The palace was silenced and in mourning, the great gates were closed, the courtiers crouching on the ground, the people in hushed mourning."

All that and much more; and yet his monarchy was strictly limited by law. "However bad an Egyptian might be personally, he could not earn the hatred of his subjects like the irresponsible Greek tyrants or Roman emperors. He was held in by being part of a highly organised official machinery, in which everyone knew their own business, and his official acts were part of that machinery; as to his private life, even that was not his own, but he had to act every hour according to fixed routine, without room for the license of a Dionysius or a Caligula . . . he was not as much master in his own house as Claudius or Henry VIII."



THE CREATOR OF "CLUBFOOT": CAPTAIN VALENTINE WILLIAMS, M.C., THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST; AND HIS WIFE (MISS ALICE CRAWFORD).

Captain Valentine Williams, the distinguished novelist whose "Man with the Clubfoot" is famous, recently completed a further series of the remarkable "Clubfoot" adventures—a set of the most exciting stories imaginable. The first of these, "The Mystery of the Purple Cabriolet," is to be found in "The Magpie" (the new holiday magazine), and the others, each of which is complete in itself, are appearing in "The Sketch." Captain Williams, who is very well known in the journalistic world, has a fine record as a war correspondent and as a soldier, and during the war was in the Irish Guards. In 1916 he married Miss Alice Crawford, the well-known actress; and when the dramatised version of "The Man with the Clubfoot" is put on, she will play the leading feminine rôle.—[Photograph by the Stage Photo. Co.]

From the time of his succession, when he went "round the wall" to establish his authority, became active head of the army, and began a series of journeys of inspection, he was hedged about by public affairs.

"The course of daily life of the King is only stated by Diodoros, under Augustus. It may be the Ptolemaic routine, but more probably it is an earlier statement of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty proceedings, which, in turn, would continue the custom of much earlier ages. Every hour was definitely allotted to various duties, to do something enjoined, and not to indulge in pleasures. On rising in the morning, the first thing was to read the despatches, which had arrived, and probably this involved dictating the replies. Then came the ceremonial purification, the assumption of the robes and insignia, and proceeding to the sacrifice. Before that act the high priest, with King and people standing around him, prayed for the health and prosperity of the King (*onkh, uza, senb*), recited the praises of the King, and then a curse on all offences that had been ignorantly committed, laying the blame on the ministers. This must have

been a considerable criticism of affairs, which, owing to the great power of the priesthood, would be hard to control officially; it is said that this was to guide and check the royal conduct. It is not stated whether the manual act of sacrifice was by the King or the high priest, but it was the King's ceremony, and he inspected the entrails, as the Assyrian King, 'to use divination . . . looked in the liver' (Ezekiel XXI., 21); he then finished the sacrifices, presumably the offerings of wine, oil, and other libations. Then followed the sermon, when the priests read edicts, laws, and historical passages fitting for the time.

"The food of the Kings is stated to have been plain and limited, which points to their being kept under regimen to preserve their health for the well-being of the country. In Africa, when a King shows weakening health, he must be killed to prevent the country similarly suffering. It would appear that the Egyptian kingship arose through the magician and the priest, and not from physical leadership."

In fact, the theory of a divine kingship was agreed to, without perfect power being permitted; "but as the Egyptian did not consider his gods to be omniscient, or free from infirmities, there was little incongruity in accepting the royal divinity."

As to the ruler himself, there must have been occasions on which he regretted bitterly the forced "sticking to the last" which was so characteristic of his subjects: "There was, very naturally, a large amount of hereditary succession to office and to business. We see the same in England or any other country, although everyone is free to change their occupation as they refer. In Egypt, on the contrary, no artisan was allowed to have another trade or employment, or to be reckoned in any other class. Hence, once in a trade, it was impossible to move out of it, and the natural facility of a boy learning his father's trade tended to fix each generation in the same line."

Possibly, however, his Majesty dodged duty at times, just as the workers had their spells of easy-money making and diverted labour usually honest to the contriving of 'cheap imitations.' "Where a tenon of a cross-bar was supposed to go through a chair-leg it was only short, and a piece of inlay was let in where it should come through. Veneers of ebony and other foreign woods were glued on. Patterns were done in white paint instead of inlay with ivory. Paint grained to imitate valuable woods was as common as in Victorian houses; painted wood even did duty for valuable stone vases; grained wood patterning, showing all the knots and waviness, was excellently painted as early as the IIIrd and IVth Dynasties. . . .

At Amarna, limestone columns were painted to imitate glazed tile lotus plants, bound in with gold bands; the inlaid jewellery was imitated by capitals inlaid with coloured glazes, with gilt stone between, and that, in turn, was imitated by mere paint on limestone." Yes;—doubtless his Majesty dodged.

Thus, with erudition and thoroughness, Sir William Flinders Petrie, a very distinguished Egyptologist who needs no introduction to our readers; for they have known him for years past not only as a great expert, but as a writer who can clothe his knowledge and his thoughts in language understood of the layman. Certainly his "Social Life in Ancient Egypt" will more than satisfy; and it deals, of course, not only with the rulers, but the ruled—indeed, with every class; with the framework of society, the administration, rights and wrongs, private life, supplies and commerce, and constructions and defence. Assuredly, it will itself be read and will entice to that larger, more elaborate work of which it may be regarded as the outline of a part—"The Descriptive Sociology of Egypt," to appear in accordance with the will of Herbert Spencer.—E. H. G.

* "Social Life in Ancient Egypt." By W. M. Flinders Petrie, Kt., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.D.A. (Constable; 6s. net.)

THE PRINCE IN THE WEST COUNTRY: SCENES FROM HIS TOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., CENTRAL PRESS, AND BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS.



THROUGH THE CAPITAL OF HARDY LAND: THE PRINCE'S RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME IN THE ANCIENT STREETS OF DORCHESTER.



THE PRINCE AT POLO: AT SHERBORNE, WHERE HE PLAYED FOR "THE CAVALRY"



AN ANCIENT FOUNDATION: THE PRINCE ESCORTED THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF SHERBORNE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



AT SHERBORNE'S ANCIENT SCHOOL: THE PRINCE CHATTING WITH THE HEAD BOY.



A NOTABLE SITE: LEAVING THE PUMP ROOM AT BATH — THE ABBEY IN THE BACKGROUND.



AT THE FAMOUS ROMAN BATHS: THE PRINCE INSPECTING THE BATHS FROM WHICH THE CITY TOOK ITS NAME.

On July 18 the Prince of Wales began a three-days' visit to Somerset, Dorset, and Wiltshire. Stopping as the guest of the Marquess of Bath, at Longleat House, near Warminster, he first visited Bath, where he was welcomed by 8000 children, in Victoria Park. After inspecting the famous baths, and visiting the War Pensions Hospital, he left the city for a tour round the neighbourhood, calling at several of the manor houses, as well as at Downside Abbey. On the following day, his Royal Highness visited Maiden Bradley, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset.

At Sherborne, he went over the school, and, later in the day, astonished his hosts by insisting upon playing polo for the Cavalry against the Blackmore Vale team—to the intense joy of the spectators, the "visiting" team proved victorious. On his last day, the Prince visited Dorchester, where he had lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy. One more engagement, at the Wishing Well, at Upwey—where the Prince confessed that he had forgotten to "wish"!—and the return to town was made from Weymouth.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

AT first sight of the title, the holiday-maker might not be tempted to put in his bag "THE LETTERS OF PRINCIPAL LINDSAY TO JANET ROSS" (Constable; 18s.) but he would make a mistake if he passed the book by. It is the most entertaining volume of letters that has come my way for a very long time.

A church historian, Professor and Principal of a Scottish Theological College, may not seem altogether a person whose letters would be likely to afford witty entertainment to the worldly-minded, yet so it is without prejudice to the late Reverend Doctor's memory as a serious thinker and writer. Part of his correspondence, to be sure—that part of it which is taken up with minute points of historical scholarship—may miss fire with the uninitiated (although it is always light and lively), but there is much more than that in the book. It is the revelation of a learned, witty, broad-minded and kindly man, who always kept an eye out for the humorous asides of everyday life, and could present them with a sparkling gaiety of phrase.

Here, for example, is Dr. Lindsay on influenza: "I never had it before, and I feel as if I had been doing something quite improper. For a man at my time of life to be seduced by a new ailment is quite as bad as if I had fallen a victim to the fascinations of some flaunting young person who had resolved to make a fool of me." He adds that it is no consolation to be told that he ought to be thankful that the attack has been comparatively slight—"all that goes for nothing when weighed against the fact that I have shamefully deserted my old love, Asthma, and fallen a victim to the snares of this huzzie of an Influenza. It is enough to make me lose all sense of self-respect."

The Rev. Principal's flirtations were, however, often of a pleasanter kind, although equally impersonal. He wooed the Siren Fashion very thoroughly, and with entire self-respect, for his courtship was all in the sacred cause of Church History. He could not tackle a period properly unless he had first visualised the people, and to do this he had to find out precisely how they were dressed. This study led him up many byways, and one of these enabled him to send a London dress-maker, who used to consult the good divine as a professional authority or sartorial director, a paper (material for a *Contemporary* article that was never finished) entitled "Notes on Paris Dress-Makers in the Time of Marie Antoinette and After." Fortunately, Dr. Lindsay sent a duplicate of this article to his correspondent, Mrs. Ross, who includes it with its appropriate letter in the book. The Doctor's account of the great *modistes* Mlle. Bertin and Mlle. St. Quentin, and of the latter's famous *Poupée de Rue St. Honoré*, the doll fashion-plate that went the round of Europe, marks a new departure in "the life, literature and doctrine" of Scottish theologians. Women readers ought to get hold of it for their delectation.

Nor did Dr. Lindsay stop short at describing dressmakers' shops of the past. You see him varying his ecclesiastical-historical studies at the British Museum with a dive into a well-known photograph shop in Museum Street, where he had "spotted" a postcard which turned out to be one of a wonderful series illustrating the history of costume. At the moment he happened to be sending his dressmaker correspondent—a lady of title, by the way—some particulars relating to the genuine Directoire costume, and here was a most valuable pictorial guide. From one striking Directoire picture, the Rev. Principal's friend at once designed a dress, and she invited Dr. Lindsay to see it in embryo. Behold then the learned divine in the London dressmaker's *atelier*. He does not think he would be much help there, and "will not propose the partnership," but—

It was interesting to see a picture, which one had secured for the artiste, gradually grow into dress under her hands—first, the somewhat shapeless, roughly stitched together bodice and skirt walks into the sanctum on a living

"model." . . . The artist looks at it for a moment or two . . . then she makes a dash at the figure . . . her fingers are working all over the stuff, and gradually in a minute or two the somewhat chaotic mass takes shape; the cloth falls into beautiful lines and curves. . . .

Dr. Lindsay's description of how the finishing touch was given is the work of a fellow-artist in spirit if not in actual accomplishment. But he is always alive to the incongruous. "I can imagine," he adds, "to an outsider, that the sight of me there in an arm-chair in a corner of the room, motionless and silent, would be irresistibly comic."

Experiences with cooks, plumbers, and a portrait-painter, anxious-minded social reformers and lunatics, academic and family interludes, incidents of travel, sidelights on the studies of the moment—such as mediæval bathing-customs—the humours, worries and solaces of a scholar's life, form the agreeable *pot-pourri* of a book that derives its charm from the same sort

The choicest example of Dr. Lindsay's wit and humour in fusion is quoted, not in the text of the letters, but in Mrs. Ross's introduction to the volume. It is his description of Erasmus, which occurs in "A History of the Reformation," Dr. Lindsay's greatest work. The portrait—a perfect miniature in words—concludes: "The dainty hands, which Holbein drew so often, and the general primness of his appearance, suggest a descent from a long line of maiden aunts." I once heard a similar remark made about Mr. Lecky.

Apropos of Erasmus, there has just come to my table "ERASMUS THE REFORMER," by L. Elliott Binns (Methuen; 5s.). This by way merely of acknowledgment. I hope to return to this, the most recent book on a subject of unfailing interest, upon which the last word will never be said.

An earlier work of a now famous writer has lately been reissued. Originally it appeared eleven years ago, in the Home University Library. Since that time, the author, Mr. Lytton Strachey, has done work which has given his monograph, "LAND-MARKS IN FRENCH LITERATURE" (Williams and Norgate; 7s. 6d.), an importance beyond that derived from its intrinsic excellence. But that is all to the good: hundreds—let us hope thousands—of people who would not otherwise have been attracted to it are now enjoying this admirable piece of critical scholarship, written with the author's light and incisive touch. Celebrity as a populariser of an author's earlier and less-known works may not always be an advantage, but in this case it is a benefit pure and simple.

Two novels in the recent lists arouse by their titles associations with Scott and Stevenson. The Scott link is with a character, one of the oddest the Wizard ever drew; but in the new novel the sex of the character is changed. In "The Fortunes of Nigel," you remember, Scott gave us Sir Mungo Malagrowth, Whipping-boy to James I. Under the just rule of Master George Buchanan, who believed that the Lord's Anointed should suffer for his own misdeeds in his own person, Mungo enjoyed a comfortable sinecure. But James's other tutor, Master Patrick Young, thought otherwise, and appalled the very soul of the youthful King by the floggings which he bestowed on the whipping-boy. Barnaby Fitzpatrick took the thrashings of Edward VI., and the future Cardinals D'Ossat and Du Perron were whipped by Clement VIII. for Henri IV. of France. I do not know if any Queen had a convenient girl of this sort. Such a person, however (not a Court functionary), has been invented by Mr. Ralph Rodd as heroine of his new novel, "THE WHIPPING GIRL" (Collins; 7s. 6d.). The idea certainly gave a novelist a chance, but one finds it difficult to believe that "Nurse Nan" would have sacrificed herself as she did for an utterly worthless woman and a man for whom she felt only a sentimental and quite artificial pity. The part of the narrative that hinges on two wills makes an ingenious enough sensational story by itself, but the heroine so tries our patience that we want to whip the whipping-girl for her gratuitous Quixotry.

The other novel, that suggesting Stevenson, is Mr. W. D. Lyell's "THE JUSTICE CLERK" (Hodge; 7s. 6d.), a good sound yarn of the Scottish Courts. When I say that the book recalls Stevenson, I do not mean anything more than that the title is a discarded title of Stevenson's. R. L. S. originally intended that "Weir of Hermiston" should be called "The Lord Justice Clerk." I have always regretted that title, so magnificently dignified, was not kept, but perhaps it would have been misunderstood south of the Border, where it would suggest, not a Senator of the College of Justice, but only the humble Judge's Clerk known to Chancery Lane and the legal regions adjacent.



A PAGE FROM A FAMOUS MS. FOUND AFTER SOME 200 YEARS: ST. MICHAEL AND THE EVIL ONE—FROM THE BOOK OF HOURS ILLUMINATED BY FOUQUET. One of the world's most famous manuscripts is the Book of Hours illuminated by Jean Fouquet, Court Painter to the Eleventh Louis, about the middle of the fifteenth century. Presented to his friend, Etienne Chevalier, Treasurer of France, it remained as a treasured heirloom in that family till the death of its last male descendant in 1630. Some time after 1715 the book disappeared, and the miniatures which were its glory were torn out and scattered. Roughly a century later, a bundle of forty of them came to light by accident in a curio shop on the Continent, and, at intervals since, other fragments have been discovered, each, as recognised, taking honoured place in one of the great museums or famous collections. The forty-fifth leaf, reproduced above, was bought by Messrs. Maggs in a miscellaneous parcel of old manuscripts, and, recognised for what it is, has created the greatest interest amongst experts and connoisseurs.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Maggs Bros.]

of circumstances and temperament that gave Dean Beeching's "Pages from a Private Diary" in the *Cornhill* their super-excellent savour.

One could wish that the editor's and publisher's description of Dr. Lindsay, "Principal of the Glasgow College," had been more explicitly qualified oftener than it is. English readers may pardonably confuse the United Free Church College, of which Dr. Lindsay was head, with Glasgow University, "the Glasgow College," in the yards of whose original buildings Dominic Sampson stalked and Frank Osbaldistone crossed swords with his cousin Rashleigh, Rob Roy himself intervening to separate the combatants.

SOVIET PROPAGANDA!—TIRED WORKERS “RESTED” BY THE STATE!

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



ON “STATE” AND PROPAGANDA HOLIDAY: WORKERS YACHTING AND ROWING ON A REQUISITIONED LAKE.



WITH AN ARMED MAN ON THE RIGHT! AT THE ENTRANCE OF A “HOME OF REST” NEAR MOSCOW.



INAUGURATING SOMEONE ELSE'S HOUSE AS A “PEOPLE'S HOME”: COMMISSIONER ZORIN ADDRESSING HIS COMRADES—ACROSS THE STREAM.




POSING FOR PROPAGANDA PICTURES: AT “DINNER” IN A “HOME OF REST”—WITH FLOWER-DECKED TABLES.



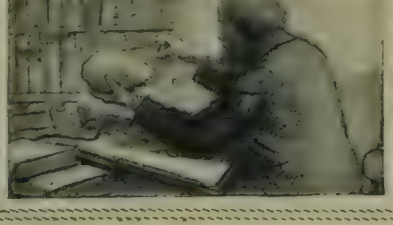
“WINTER GARDENS” FOR THE MASSES: A “CROWD” BEFORE THE STATE PHOTOGRAPHER IN “HOME NO. 3.”

Interesting propaganda pictures which may (or may not) convert the world to the Bolshevik faith, are seen above in the form of illustrations issued by the Soviet “Government” for the delectation of those unfortunate enough to be outside the pale! Desirous of showing themselves—especially pictorially—in the amiable rôle of a “People's Government,” the authorities who now rule in Russia set apart such of the best of the houses of the murdered wealthy as they did not immediately require for the use of their own Commissioners, and opened them as “Homes of Rest,” where, in idealistic surroundings, the tired toiler might enjoy an annual month's holiday at the cost of the “State”! And here we have some of the photographs of the “guests” amid their charming retreats. In the first we see a

delighted proletariat enjoying their yachting and rowing; the “eight,” by the way, showing a marked individuality of stroke which contrasts pleasantly with the soul-destroying discipline to which we are accustomed on our own rivers. In the second, the delighted poor are being introduced by a suspiciously prosperous-looking group of “officials.” Each little picture tells its own “story.” That, after the first few months, a charge was made, that the food dropped down to vanishing point, and that “guests” were restricted to friends of the officials, are points which the interesting series of views was unhappily unable to emphasise! Meantime, we note that the United States has refused to recognise Russia while Russia's leaders continue to evince “a spirit of destruction at home and abroad.”



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



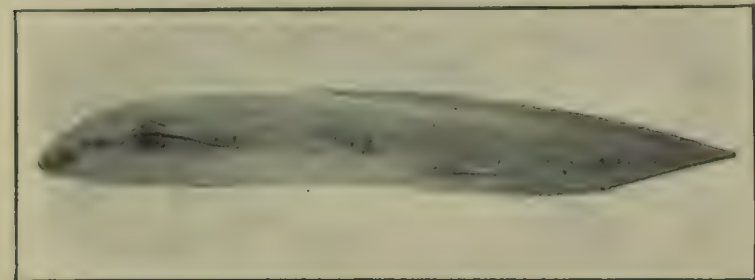
FISH OUT OF WATER.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WE are hard to please at all times and never more so than where the weather is concerned. It is always too cold or too hot for somebody. If the "extremes" we rail at were still more extreme grumbling would cease. There would be no grumbling, for the grumblers would all be dead—killed either by heat or cold. For the grumbler, after all, has some justification—he complains because he is suffering discomfort. His "optimum" temperature is either on the plus or minus scale; intensify this discomfort, and you will kill him. A uniformity of temperature, either in the direction of cold or heat, would in a few generations make everybody happy, for those only would survive who could thrive under the intensified scale. This is "Natural Selection."

Among the lower animals this "toleration" takes various forms. When winter comes, some fall into a dreamless sleep, to awake at the call of spring. But these inclement days are just to the liking of certain species of moths, which are never seen while the rest

of the world is revelling in sunshine. When the sun graciously banishes the clouds, as though he would allow nothing to come between us and him, hosts rush out to bask in his life-giving warmth. But there are some who, at such times, must perforce hide themselves, or die. These are such as live in rivers, depending for their existence on the melting of mountain snows or copious rains; they soon cease to exist when these sources of supply are cut off. And woe betide such as cannot meet the rainless day!

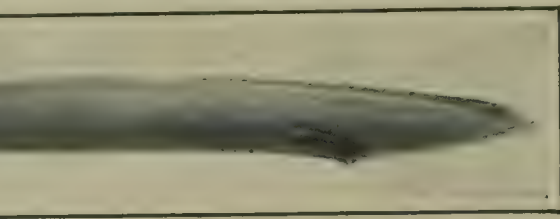


OFTEN BROUGHT TO ENGLAND IN A "BRICK-LIKE" MUD BURROW: THE LUNG-FISH *PROTOPTERUS*.

Specimens of this fish have often been brought to England, enclosed in their mud burrows. When the burrow is placed in warm water, the mud disintegrates, and the fish at once awakens, swimming about as though it had not lain for months in sun-baked earth.

Certain tropical fishes of Africa and South America long ago found a way out. The African "mud-fish" (*Protopterus annectans*) is one of these. When warning of the waning comes—that is to say, the time is at hand when the very river-bed shall be athirst—*Protopterus* delves down, while yet there is time, into the mud of this bed, and, having gone to a sufficient depth, covers himself up, so that his tail covers his face—not that he may not see the travail that is to be when the beasts come to drink at the pools which are little more than liquid mud, and presently parched ground, but to conserve as much moisture about his body as is possible. Settled comfortably down, his skin then throws off a slimy secretion which forms a moist lining to what will presently be a living tomb. Here, for long months, he must remain a summer-sleeper, a moist patch in a bed of earth baked as hard as a brick. In due time the rains will come and the floods descend. The soft and kindly mud will once again be brought into being, and over this will once more flow a river. Then only will he emerge, wakeful and hungry.

Protopterus is a fish with a history—a celebrity: for he is one of the "lung-fishes," an ancient family from which it is believed, in the far distant past, was derived the earliest of the land-dwellers—the amphibious "efts," and frogs and toads. His fins, as may be seen in the accompanying photograph, are quite unlike the fins of other fishes, being mere jointed rods used when creeping about the mud at the bottom of the river—and also, perhaps, as "feelers." Being a fish, breathing normally takes place by means of gills, but when the water becomes foul, as it will in the marshy



A FISH WHICH BURIES ITSELF, AND BREATHE THROUGH HOLES IN A PAD OF MUD STOPPING ITS BURROW: THE SOUTH AMERICAN LUNG-FISH *LEPIDOSIREN*.

When this fish buries itself, it stops its burrow with a pad of mud, in which it makes little holes, to enable air to enter. The tuft of blood-vessels on the hind fins is seen in the photograph. This is present only in the male, during the breeding season.

external gills—long, plume-like structures, projecting backwards from each side of the head just above the base of the fin. At this stage the young *Protopterus* might well be mistaken for a young newt. With approaching maturity these external gills disappear, but a vestige always remains, projecting just behind the gill-opening. These lungs, furthermore, play an important part during that wondrous sleep, air finding its way down the tubular burrow directly to the nostrils, which are always exposed for this purpose. During the enforced fast, imposed by the conditions of life in the burrow, the body has to feed on its own tissues—or rather, upon a store of fat accumulated for this purpose around

the kidneys, and this is supplemented by a fatty degeneration of the tail muscles. The nearest living relative of *Protopterus* is the South American *Lepidosiren*, or "Lolach"; and it lives under precisely similar conditions. It too is a lung-breather. In like manner, when the marshes and swamps and slow-flowing rivers of the Chaco country dry up, it retreats within a burrow in the mud, plugging the mouth of its retreat with a plug of mud perforated with numerous small holes, to ensure a supply of air.

purpose. Many of the "cat-fishes," which are "Siluroids," and in no way related to *Anabas* and the "Serpent-heads," are similarly provided with accessory air-chambers. They do not, however, have to spend long weeks in enforced imprisonment; but live much on land because of the foulness of the water. The eel-like "Clarias" of Senegambia retires to a burrow during the day, and emerges at night to search for food.



SHOWING THE SPINES WITH WHICH IT ASCENDS TREES: *ANABAS*, THE CLIMBING PERCH.

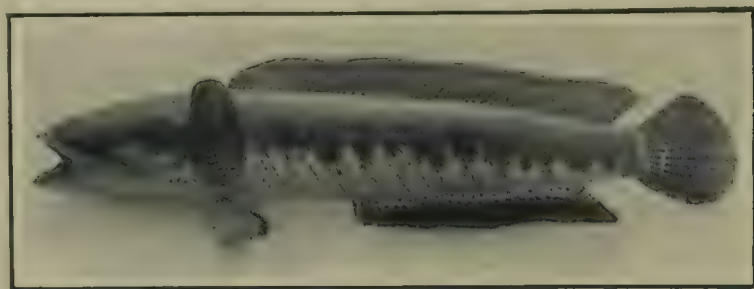
One of these fish was seen on a branch of a Palingra palm, five feet from the ground, near a lake in India. It was then holding on to the bark with the spines on its gill-covers, and pushing itself up by means of the spine on its ventral fin.—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

The male is further remarkable for the fact that during the breeding season its hind fins—which are also rod-like—develop long, delicate, vascular filaments looking like a sort of brush with blood-red bristles. The precise function of these filaments is unknown, but it is supposed that they serve as accessory breathing organs, enabling the fish to remain continuously near

its eggs, which are jealously guarded. Otherwise these would have to be left unguarded while a journey was made to the surface for breathing purposes. Like its relative, *Lepidosiren* is something of a cannibal, feeding upon the smaller members of its own species. Hence the frequency of specimens with damaged tails and fins. The latter, when bitten off, are promptly regenerated, but they are never perfectly restored—often a double or even a treble fin takes the place of the member so rudely amputated.

The versatility displayed by Nature in devising different means to effect the same end is well illustrated by these aestivating fishes. That strange creature, the Indian and African climbing perch (*Anabas scandens*), for example, is able to live for long periods out of the water, being provided with a special moisture-holding chamber, above the gill-chamber, to carry on respiration when out of its normal element. *Anabas*, when so minded, can climb out of the water and make its way up on to the branches of low, overhanging trees, using the spines of its gill-covers as "climbing-irons." But for what purpose these excursions are made yet, apparently, awaits discovery. But it cannot stay long in the upper air. Hence, when the dry season comes, it prudently makes its way downwards to the bed of the fast-vanishing stream, and while there is yet time burrows down into the mud, to escape a peril it has never seen, but "feels" instinctively.

Anabas has a near relation, the "Serpent-head" (*Ophiocephalus*), which in like manner is able to indulge in the very unfish-like practice of prancing about on land, perhaps to find a "better 'ole"—that is to say, one with more water, for it lives in swamps and pools, as well as in rivers. But its accessory breathing chamber is of somewhat simpler type, though apparently quite as efficient for its



SAID TO DESCEND WITH A DOWNPOUR OF RAIN: *OPHIOCEPHALUS*, THE "SERPENT-HEAD."

Ophiocephalus is said by the natives to descend with downpours of rain. This is possible, since whirlwinds may take it up with the mud in which it is embedded during its summer sleep.

purpose. Many of the "cat-fishes," which are "Siluroids," and in no way related to *Anabas* and the "Serpent-heads," are similarly provided with accessory air-chambers. They do not, however, have to spend long weeks in enforced imprisonment; but live much on land because of the foulness of the water. The eel-like "Clarias" of Senegambia retires to a burrow during the day, and emerges at night to search for food.

Saccobranchius, a near relation of *Clarias*, has vastly improved on this air-breathing apparatus, since it has developed a long, tubular sac, running from the gill-chamber backwards, down the side of the body as far as the tail. The walls of this sac being well supplied with blood-vessels, it has become to all intents and purposes a lung. Finally, we have *Amphipnus*, a species of eel which seems ambitious to become a snake. All its fins have gone, and it spends most of its time crawling about in the grass by the river-side, as our grass-snake often does. From all this it seems that when we talk of anyone being "like a fish out of water," we must be careful to specify our fish!

"HUNTING" WITH FLASHLIGHT AND CAMERA: A SUCCESSFUL "HIT."



STARTLED BY THE FLASH: A DOE LEAPING HIGH INTO THE AIR AS IT IS "TAKEN."

In the photographing of the doe shown above, two cameras were used. The first was "fired" from a boat which crept gently up to within a few yards of the quarry, when the trigger was pulled to release the shutter of the camera, and at the same time fire the flashlight. The resultant picture, as seen above, shows the frightened animal as it leapt right up in the air. A second boat, moving up

behind the first, carried another camera and flashlight, which "went off" instantly after the first discharge, so taking the doe as, an instant after she came down, she made her escape, and at the same time showing the photographer in the first boat. The second scene of the episode will be found on page 179. Such "doubles," calling for the closest co-operation, are, however, rarely successful.

HUNTING WITH CAMERA AND FLASHLIGHT.

By HOBART V. ROBERTS. Photographs by the Author.

(By COURTESY OF "COUNTRY LIFE" OF AMERICA.)

THE sport of hunting with a camera far outweighs that to be found in any other sort of hunting, and when it is practised at night with the aid of flashlight it possesses an added fascination.

Imagine that we are starting out to flashlight deer. As darkness settles down we take our places in the boat, get the camera ready, and glide silently away. The splash of a beaver thrills us, and a muskrat dives the moment he sees us. An owl hoots us a welcome as we round a point. Suddenly we hear a splash, which as the boat goes forward grows louder, till we can pick them out, a buck and a doe unalarmed and busy on their nightly forage. It is now only a question of having the boat steady and the distance right. I manage to back the boat to what appears to be the correct distance, and dig my paddle in the mud to steady it, as the buck for the first time seems to notice us. I give the signal, the mountains echo, the deer start away, then turn and come straight toward us! We shout loudly, as the deer are blinded by the flash and are liable to upset us in their mad rush for safety; but in a moment they have their bearings and are making for the edge of the woods.

On one occasion we had an unusual adventure. We had set our camera opposite a runway that the deer took to come to the water. We were partially concealed, and were patiently waiting, when from directly behind us came not only one, but five deer. They walked right down to the water and commenced swimming around among the lily pads. As cautiously as possible one of us took the camera, the other the flash, and tried to get in position to take the photograph; but at our first motion, the deer saw us, and, as fast as they could, made a dash for the woods. We managed to fire the flash, but without any success. I counted the deer as they came out and noticed that one failed to emerge. I believed that it had got stuck in the mud of the lake, which was very low. We went down to the edge and searched as well as we could, but could see nothing that looked like a deer.

It hardly seemed possible, but our first view of the lake the next morning confirmed my suspicion. There was a doe up to her neck in the mud, able to move her head only. With the help of other campers and an extra boat, we jumped from one boat to the other, pushing each empty boat ahead over the soft mud, and finally succeeded in getting the doe into the boat. She failed completely to appreciate the fact that we were trying to do her a good turn, striking out with her fore feet and breaking one oar-lock. In the meantime, I was on shore taking pictures. As soon as the water was deep enough, we released her, watching her as she swam slowly to the woods, where she lay down for a while to rest and then made off again.

It was in 1907 that I succeeded in getting my "In the Stillness of the Night" picture, a photograph of a buck clear cut against the darkness. The deer was in mid-channel, and so far from the woods that there was nothing for the flashlight to illumine except the buck, as outdoors a flashlight does not show anything beyond fifty or sixty feet.

We made a trip once to take a double picture—that is, to use two boats, the rear boat to be at an angle so as to take in the first boat in the actual

process of taking a flashlight photograph of a deer. Our guide was in the rear boat, while I paddled the first. When I had got within twenty feet of a deer, supposing the other boat to be back about forty feet and at an angle of about forty-five degrees, pointing between the two objects, I was to whistle. My companion was to fire one flash and almost simultaneously one of the men in the rear boat was to fire a larger flash. I gave the signal. The roar of the two flashes was tremendous. The buck gave a bound, but he could not bound off our film.

After a few years of this sort of work, modern flashlight apparatus having made its appearance, making it possible to work flash and shutter together, I planned to try new camera tricks on our old camping ground by the lake. The game was all around us, and sometimes we tried daylight work, and once succeeded in getting close enough to a big buck to get a good photograph.



IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE "LODGE": BEAVERS SNAPSHOTTED WHILE AT WORK ON THEIR DAM.

The beavers' house, or "lodge," which often contains store-chambers for reserve food, as well as living-rooms, is constructed from tree trunks, turf, and other materials. The animal's teeth enable it to fell trees, and cases have been reported where a branch two feet in diameter has been bitten through. The object of the ingeniously constructed dam is to protect the "lodge," or, occasionally, so to direct the water as to be able to float down some coveted piece of wood.

It is not always what you set out to get that you do get. Gulls are not scarce, but they usually make themselves so when you approach them. Yet, in one instance, when I least expected it, one accommodated me very nicely, making a beautiful picture as he rose.

One night, while sitting around the camp fire, we heard a little noise by the fireplace, and peeping out, saw a big coon carefully trying to paw a bone out of the fireplace. On another evening, a large turtle, feeling the warmth of the fire, crawled slowly toward the fire till, suddenly feeling the hot coals, he retreated in a hurry to the lake. On this trip I set my moisture-proof camera for animals to take their own pictures, getting one of a coon and another of a hedgehog. It is very amusing at night to see a hedgehog on the end of a log washing its face, using first one paw and then the other.

One night we set out to get a picture of a deer in action, showing the flash taking the picture at the same time. We used two cameras on the rear boat and one on the front. Our first attempt got us a good picture of two deer breaking for the woods, from the first boat; but the last boat was too far back to get any results. Finally, we got a doe running,

the first boat being close to the deer; the second boat fired just after the first to show the deer in motion and the smoke. After this, we used only one boat, trying to get a deer, quiet with one camera and on the jump with the other. In this we were unsuccessful. When we got the still picture, we didn't get the jump, and *vice versa*.

Once I tried to get a picture of a humming-bird in action, and I believe I was more excited over that than over taking deer pictures. I had my camera speeded up to 1-300 part of a second, and didn't dare take my eyes off the flower I had selected for my subject to alight on. I succeeded in getting the humming-bird in just the position I wanted, but a cloud dimmed the light at the particular moment of exposure, underlining it a little, but making an interesting picture, nevertheless.

One evening a flock of ducks alighted for the night half a mile from camp. Thinking they would

make a good picture by starting them with one flash and firing the other as they rose, we kept close watch of them, carefully refraining from making any noise. After waiting until dusk and when almost ready to start out for them, much to our disgust, three ducks came flying overhead from some other lake, and started the whole flock away.

On one trip I had brought my wife with me, and she was stationed in the bow of the canoe to photograph any deer that might come out. After waiting awhile we saw a doe come down to the edge of the lake. My wife had the camera, but was unused to it. I thought I could give her instructions as we went up to the deer, which seemed to be acting strangely, looking back toward the woods and off to one side, paying no attention to our canoe as we approached. Suddenly, out from the place which the doe seemed to be watching, came a smaller deer—a fawn, in fact. On it came towards the doe. I knew something was about to happen and told my wife to focus and be ready. The doe was broadside toward us and the big fawn the same, only they were facing each other. The doe never moved

a muscle and, when only a few feet apart, simultaneously the heads of the animals lunged forward until their noses touched. I whispered "Take it," but, alas! something went wrong and the shutter stayed open. The scene quickly changed. Just at the moment when their noses touched, both animals seemed to relax and the big fawn trotted around and began to nurse. We were within a few yards, now, in broad daylight. I whistled, and the doe became instantly on the alert. She was too clever, however, to make a rush for the woods, but turned unconcernedly, jumping one way and then the other toward cover, until she could make it in a jump or two; and then, without looking back or toward us, gave a warning snort. I have seen fawns with does many times, but never one so large nor one that acted in any such manner as this one.

In taking flashlight photographs, nine times out of ten things do not go just the way one would wish; but nothing has ever dampened my ardour for night hunting with flashlight and camera. Even before the snow is gone I have my almanack out and keep track of the periods of dark nights, looking longingly forward to the warm, muggy nights when we will be tenting again on the old camp ground.

MOONLESS-MIDNIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY: THE REWARD OF WAITING.



CLEAR-CUT AGAINST THE DARKNESS: A BUCK IN MID-CHANNEL SNAPPED BY THE HIDDEN PHOTOGRAPHER.

The illustration given above owes much of its effectiveness to the fact that the flashlight, whose usual range is from fifty to sixty feet, found no background other than the dead blackness of the night to contrast with the study. For this type of photograph, absolute darkness is essential, and such an enthusiast as the artist to whom our illustrations are due will anxiously search the calendar months ahead in the quest of likely moonless nights. The utmost caution is necessary in approaching the

"quarry," even the faintest movement heard being sufficient to disturb the shy creatures of the wild. In its anxiety to escape the ordeal of the picture, a selected "subject" has been known to trail his would-be photographer for hours, with an almost uncanny instinct as to the powers of the camera, keeping carefully behind him, and out of the range of his "fire." Accidents are not infrequent, the canoe, working in the dark, having been known to overturn its over-eager occupants.

ANIMALS PHOTOGRAPHING THEMSELVES: BAITS FROM GLOVED HANDS TO RELEASE CAMERA-SHUTTER AND FIRE FLASHLIGHT.



TAKING THE BAIT AND SO PHOTOGRAPHING ITSELF: AN ASTONISHED RACCOON "PRESSING THE BUTTON."



OPERATOR AND SITTER IN ONE: A COON TAKING THE BAIT—AND THE CONCEALED CAMERA DOING THE REST.



THE BAIT SUCCEEDS AGAIN: A GREAT AMERICAN HERON PHOTOGRAPHED BY ITSELF.



PERSUADED, AGAINST ITS JUDGMENT, TO "TAKE ITSELF": A TREE PORCUPINE.

The whole trend of modern art-photography is to take the subject, whether human or animal, in a "natural" pose, and the latest development is to get the "sitter" unwittingly to take himself. In applying this principle to wild animals, whose every instinct makes them shy and fearful of the unknown, the utmost patience is needed. A suitable "run," which the animal is likely to visit at night only, is selected, and a bait put down—always with a gloved hand, so as to leave no suspicious taint of humanity. Night after night the bait is repeated, till the moment comes when the camera may safely be introduced. A

special moisture-proof instrument has to be used, as it may have to be left for some time. Finally, the night arrives when the animal, in seizing its usual bait, moves a cunningly attached wire that releases the shutter of the concealed camera, and simultaneously "fires" the flash. The wire may be electric, with a "make," or "break," contact, or the mere tug at the bait may release the shutter. Never again will the scared beast approach the scene, of the alarming glare, but—it has taken its own photograph, and the hunter-artist has scored a new "kill."

WHEN FLASH AND SHUTTER WORK TOGETHER:

REMARKABLE NIGHT-PHOTOGRAPHS OF WILD LIFE.



"TAKEN" IN THE VERY ACT—BY FLASHLIGHT AND CAMERA: A DEER CAUGHT SKULKING ON THE EDGE OF HIS OWN LAKE.



FRIGHTENED BY THE FLASH BY WHICH THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF HER WAS TAKEN: A DOE TAKEN BY A SECOND CAMERA AS SHE BOLTS.



SURPRISED BY THE FLASH INTO AN INSTANT'S IMMOBILITY: A WILD FOX PHOTOGRAPHED AT NIGHT.



CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA AND FLASHLIGHT AT THE MOMENT OF RISING: A GULL.

In the earlier days of flashlight animal-photography, two operators were necessary—one for the camera and one for the light. An arrangement has, however, now been perfected by which one touch will work flash and shutter together. This fascinating "sport" is not devoid of risk, a large animal, such as a deer, startled by the sudden flash, sometimes charging straight at the source of the supposed danger, behind which, maybe, is lying the equally startled photo-

grapher! Two, or even three, cameras are often used, the first in an advance boat to snap the animal in still life; while the second and third, pointing in different directions from behind, try to take the beast as, startled by the first glare, it bolts in fear. The second illustration above shows the scene, immediately following the snapshot on page 173, and has even caught the first photographer and the smoke of his flash.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

MATERIAL FOR THE DRAMATIC PLAYWRIGHT.

THE other day I had a long conversation with one of our younger playwrights about many things in the World of the Theatre, and one in particular. I will quote his own words as far as memory allows. "You say that I am not prolific enough, and that my plays are well written, but that I use my dialogue to disguise the poverty of my story. You suspect, I surmise, that, having a fluent pen, I don't bother my head about inventing plots; that

"Essentially, if not numerically, you are right," I said, "and, what is more, the same symptoms are to be observed in other countries besides Germany and Slovakia already mentioned. In France there is stagnation, and the one new name that has come to the fore with hope of greater things than the skilful but artificial 'Aimer,' is Paul Gèraldy's. In Belgium, Herman Teirlinck's 'Protracted Film'—why will not even the Stage Society give it us?—is a play of moment. In Holland, even Heyermans has been silent for some time; and when recently he was here as the guest of the Pen Club, he was rather pessimistic as to the future. He did not exactly use the words, but he conveyed to me the idea that there was no stimulant from without to generate new thought, let alone enthusiasm—"

"I could go on diagnosing, but in the main we are in accord," interrupted the author; "so why blame me?"

"There is no question of blame. I only ask myself: Does the average playwright go the right way to find the fountain-head of inspiration? If life around us is lacking in

interest, is there not a treasure-trove into which scarcely one of our dramatists ever dips—I mean history. . . ."

"Great Scott! History—dust and ashes, and the gigantic figure of Shakespeare forbidding in the background!"

"I know, I know; the thought is a bogey, but if you had only let me finish, and not fallen into my little malicious trap, you would think otherwise. Let me explain: As I am not so young as you are, and every day discover how infinitely much there

remains for me to learn, I have become very careful in the choice of my books. For aught I know, my life may be short, so I discard novels—which generally teach me nothing—unless they have a very distinct bearing on life and thought of to-day. I need not enlarge; you know what I mean. Well, in order to enrich my storehouse, to feel the pulse of real life, to kindle my imagination by the *choses vécues* which time after time confirm that truth is stranger than fiction, I read autobiographies of men and women who have played big parts in the world, or their memoirs when, in the service of the State, they have witnessed the unfolding of the history of recent times. I repeat 'recent'; and since you will ask for examples, I will only cull three from the bunch: Philip Guedalla's book on Napoleon III. and his Second Empire; the life of the Empress Eugénie in her latter days at Farnborough; last, but not least—and I am in the thick of it and deeply impressed—Sir George Buchanan's (our late Ambassador at Petrograd) 'My Mission to Russia.'

"Man alive! What romance, what plots, what dramas, every chapter of which would spur the born dramatist to action! And yet in all my years of dramatic criticism in England, only one playwright has dared to bring near history on the stage. Louis N. Parker's 'Disraeli,' which made George Arliss's name in America, and found in Dennis Eadie a good second by *tour de force* and intelligence, is, so far

as I know, the one theme lifted bodily from the pages of modern history.

"And now, to whet your appetite, not to weary you with long tales, think of it! From Guedalla's book: the fatal crisis when war with Germany was decided, and Lebœuf assured the Emperor that every strap and button was in order; the departure of Napoleon for the field; the Regency of the Empress, surrounded by self-seekers and incompetency; Sedan! From the life of the Empress: the flight from Paris (thanks to the American dentist, Dr. Evans); the terrible journey to England; the exile at Chislehurst, with a perfect Court in miniature, as if there were still Empire and Government; the death of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial; the widowhood, with still a Court life and an inner life full of memories now and then revealed to her confidants. Lastly, from Buchanan's vivid volumes: how he, in the name



DURING ONE OF THE MANY DANCES OF "THE SONG AND DANCE SHOW":
A SCENE FROM "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY," AT THE NEW OXFORD.

Centre is Mr. Sonnie Hale as Sidney Potter.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

I simply jot down pleasant colloquy because I am fairly sure of my public and know how to entertain them. I see you are half-way inclined to indorse the soft self-impeachment—but you shouldn't! Mine is the case of Hubert Henry Davies, about whom you told me a tale years ago. Do you remember it?"

A little pause. "Ah, yes!" I said. "That meeting on the Embankment a few weeks before his sad death."

"Exactly. You asked him why he had written no play since, I think, 'Outcast'; and he replied,



SIDNEY POTTER REPENTS ONCE MORE: MISS ANITA ELSON AND MR. SONNIE HALE
IN "LITTLE NELLIE KELLY."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

'Because I have no story to tell. All round me is drab' (it was war-time); 'there is no inspiration; imagination is at a standstill. A new world will be born anon; meanwhile, the plots of the old are worn out: I have nothing to say at present.' That is my case, more or less. The new world is still in embryo; the war shadow is still behind us—at any rate, in its aftermath. You do not expect me to write Rühr dramas, or plays of national degeneration like William Scholz's, or plays of national calamity like Capek's, or plays of incipient lunacy like George Kaiser! Look around you: what has been produced in England latterly that really matters? Galsworthy's 'Loyalties' and C. K. Munro's 'Rumour'—and the latter is so good so powerful, and (managerial excuse) so long, that nobody dares to give it a chance in a regular theatre."



THE NEW OXFORD'S HEROINE: JUNE AS LITTLE
NELLIE KELLY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

of Britain, tried to save Tsar and Russia; how he, in defiance of etiquette and protocol, revealed to his Imperial Majesty of All the Russias the interior state of turmoil of the realm and addressed him in such terms of directness and criticism as would have meant 'Siberia' had he not been under the protection of the British Lion and steered by his honesty of purpose, so that the Tsar listened, bowed to his homily, and, with a handshake, indicated that he would profit by the warning. Needless to go on: to point to the abdication in a railway carriage under the pressure of Soviet envoys; to the dreary days of Tsarskoe; to the confinement in Tobolsk; to the catastrophe in the cellar of Ekaterinburg—a tragedy withal that vies with the Trojan Women and Hippolytus. And to think that this is but one grain from the diamond mine—that at Mudie's and the Times libraries there are shelves and shelves groaning under the weight of tomes nearly every one of which is as full of drama as the egg is full of meat!" I stopped short.

The young dramatist simply said, "Thank you. Let's stroll down New Oxford Street; I want to pay a call."

Perhaps, after reading this little record of a club chat, he will not be the only one going in that direction. For there dwells Mudie and his treasure trove.

HERO OF THE HARVARD AND YALE-OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE STRUGGLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY T.P.A.



"LIKE SOME GREAT BIRD"—WINNER OF THE 100 YARDS, THE 220 YARDS, AND THE LONG JUMP,
AT THE WEMBLEY STADIUM: MR. H. M. ABRAHAMS (CAMBRIDGE).

Mr. H. M. Abrahams, the famous Cambridge athlete, has finished his University career in a blaze of glory, as he was the hero of the contest between Harvard and Yale and Oxford and Cambridge athletes at Wembley Stadium. The struggle between the Universities was very exciting, as everything depended on the last race, the 220 yards, the scores for the various events before that event being five all. The High Jump was halved. The "Times" sporting correspondent describes the "220"

in the following words: "Now came the tremendous moment, when the four sprinters vanished into the tunnel for the start of the 220 yards. There was a dreadful pause, a muffled thud, and then—nothing. It was a false start. Another pause, and at last a louder bang. A moment's agony, and then there was Abrahams scudding along like some great bird, with a four-yard lead. He went further and further in front, running superbly, to win by seven yards in 21 3-5."

HARVARD AND YALE v. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE: WINNERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, L.N.A., AND C.N.



WINNER OF PUTTING THE WEIGHT: MR. C. A. EASTMAN (HARVARD).



WINNER OF THE POLE JUMP: MR. S. SCHOLPP (YALE).



WINNER OF THE TWO MILES: MR. W. L. TIBBETS (HARVARD).



WINNER OF THE 440 YARDS: MR. G. W. CHAPMAN (YALE).



EQUAL IN THE HIGH JUMP: MR. R. J. DICKINSON (OXFORD) AND MR. R. D. GEROULD (HARVARD).



THE WINNER OF THE HALF-MILE: MR. D. G. A. LOWE (CAMBRIDGE).



WINNER OF THE MILE: MR. C. E. DAVIS (CAMBRIDGE).



THE WINNER OF THE 220 YARDS LOW HURDLES: MR. T. HUHN (OXFORD), LEADING.



THE WINNER OF THE 120 YARDS HIGH HURDLES: MR. A. HULMAN (YALE).

As stated under our page portrait of him, that splendid Cambridge athlete, Mr. H. M. Abrahams, won three events—the 100 Yards, the Long Jump, and the 220 Yards. His time for the 100 was 10 seconds, and the win was easy; his jump was 23 ft. 2½ in.; his time for the 220 was 21 3-5 sec., and he won by seven yards. The other winners' times were: 120 Yards High Hurdles, 15 3-5 seconds; 440 Yards,

50 3-5 sec.; Mile, 4 min. 21 3-5 sec.; 2 Miles, 9 min. 41 4-5 sec.; 220 Yards Low Hurdles, 25 1-5 sec.; and Half Mile, 1 min. 56 3-5 sec. Messrs. Dickinson and Gerould tied for the High Jump, with 5 ft. 9 in. The winning Weight-Putting distance was 44 ft. 2 in. The High Jump was, perhaps, the least satisfactory event, this being the first time that America has failed to find a "six-footer."

THE ART OF THE
SHORT STORY.DECKERS
ON THE COAST

BY

William McFee

Author of "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," "Casuals of the Sea," "Command," etc.

DOWN on the after-deck, shielded from sun and rain and the idle stare of the promenade, they were spread in a sprawling heap on Number Three hatch.

They overflowed on all four sides, spilling from camp-bedsteads set solidly athwart the gangways, snoring on bags of dunnage draped upon the winches (which were still hot, and caused occasional squeals as some small nigger clutched the pipes and cylinders), and dispersing upon the bulwarks, where several were holding secret communication with the heaving waters.

As it grew dark, a huge, wired bowl was suddenly turned on, and the assembled voyagers were flooded with yellow rays. It was easy to see that some of these people were accustomed to this method of travelling, and had grown expert in dealing with the minor problems of existence in such circumstances. There was a girl, for instance, on the port side who had brought her own narrow iron bed with sheets, and who revealed the skill of a quick-change artist in divesting herself of her shore finery and appearing, as though by magic, in a scarlet peignoir, her hair cascading over brown shoulders, and between her lips a cigarette offered by an appreciative saloon waiter who, with one eye cocked to watch the long port-alley for the Second Steward's approach, was laying the foundations of, let us hope, an enduring friendship.

Others were less easy. A mother, with her three, all on one strip of canvas and laid out as though for interment, was periodically aroused by her offspring in monotonous rotation. Fed, their dark little faces still moist from the suckling, they fell back and slept instantly, lying in utter and innocent nakedness like statues of polished chalcidony.

Beyond them all, and engaged in rapid converse with some of the crew, stood a man of uncertain age. His cap was of some furry fabric spotted to resemble the skin of a leopard, and his soiled linen suit hung loosely upon him. His face was drawn into vertical lines, into harsh furrows, and the expression of his blood-shot eyes was that of a man engaged in secret warfare with fate. There was an air of excitement about him too, since he talked with the rapidity and gestures of one who lacked time to complete his story, and he looked around into the glare of the light as though he saw someone in the distance, overtaking him.

And he had competitors. On the starboard side a furious uproar raged around a grey-haired virago who was accusing a smiling youth of stealing from her bag. The dame sat on her bed, her chemise sliding from her shoulders, her bony arms and jaws moving in a convulsive synchronism. Men stood over her with folded arms and watched every movement, as though she were some automaton they had wound up and set going. This impression, that she was not human, but a clockwork affair, gained force as she foamed and choked, and lunged towards her adversary to strike him down to death, and some word spoken amid the din made her stop, and, collapsing upon her pallet, she shrieked with laughter. She seemed to have run down, her spring broken, her interior mechanism gone derelict.

But the man on the other side of the hatch took no notice of these distractions. He was driven by something more than a mere momentary gust of animal passion. His incessant watchfulness, as he turned his head again and again towards the light, reminded one of a wild animal devouring his prey in an alien jungle. He took no notice of the snapping jackals near him, nor of the natural noises, the booming of the wind now rising, the rattle and flap of the awning, the sough and spit of the sea along the side. He held the three men in white jackets in subjection

to his vibrating finger and swift, impetuous speech. They made no sign, but they remained. Here was necromancy, since the dinner gong thrummed musically along the corridors. They remained. The figure of the Second Steward, spick and span, shaven to pink perfection, emerged smartly from the port alley. They saw him and moved, yet dominated by the cadaverous being in his dirty linen suit who was offering them, so to speak, the kingdoms of the world. And then they rushed into the starboard alley towards the kitchen, leaving the necromancer to sink down upon a yellow suit-case and fumble for a cigarette.

All his life he had been an imaginative man. There had come to him, with the romantic tales of childhood, a shameful yet alluring conviction that he would be able to know those desperate doings in reality, be able to rip away the baffling veils hung between himself and the things he desired. He sat there, his chin on his clenched hands, recalling the vivid moments of his life. He surveyed with stoical courage his boyhood dreams, which were always of material import, dreams of gold and silver, or slaves, and houses of barbaric solidity. As he grew older, he thought more and more of wealth, hard minted bullion, never finding that mysterious idealism which is the key to the riches of the world. He looked back. The soiling of the deck upon which he stared through his unwashed fingers became transmuted into a dark mirror in which he saw his life in a series of episodes. Yet were they episodes? Were they not rather a series of sudden irremediable crashes to lower levels of industrious resignation? For he had been industrious. He had been clever at school, and the scholarship which had sent him to the University was easy to him. Yet it was the first stage in his unlucky career. It had started him up the rickety ladder of learning. His real self, his imagination, was concerned with the things you could get hold of, money and its transmutations. That was the first drop, when he turned bookmaker's clerk at Newmarket instead of student in cap and gown at Cambridge, a dozen miles away. He had not regretted the change, he had defiantly enjoyed it, and it might have been his career. But the favourites won day after day, and he had been forced to beg a ride to London. He recalled all the succeeding years, and saw no flaw in himself. Bad luck. He had asked no more than some of the wealth in the world, yet people got the habit of regarding him with contempt and disdain, as though he suffered from some moral lesion. And he was sometimes a little bitter with the gentry who preached that a man, to succeed, should concentrate upon his ambition. Had he not done just that? Yet he had failed very badly indeed.

And it came to him, as he sat staring at the deck, that his struggle had been very much with simple circumstances, and not with people. Neither he nor they had been evil. And also there was this fatal gift of his, of talking with terrible facility. Always he had suffered from it. Give him a listener, and he was "away to the races," as they used to say. Once, when he had been admitted to a business interview, and he was tearing along, thinking he was doing finely, his client had got out of his chair thundering: "Shut up!" There had been a silence, a moment of paralysis, and then a mutter from the man: "What d'you think you're doing? . . . Drive a man crazy," and such-like comments. Why was that? Never got anywhere, in spite of his education and fecundity of speech. This evening, when he confronted the ship's doctor in the surgery, and was identified on the list of deck passengers, he had launched into an uncalled-for loquacity, and had found the man, his eye-glass screwed into his experienced blue eye,

examining him critically. And had there not been a faint sound like "*cacoethes loquendi*" as he went out? The doctor thought himself safe, no doubt, in talking Latin to a decker. But had he really gabbler's itch? Was that it?

He stared at the deck and wondered. Even as he did so he found his lips forming the words that he had "no animus, no animus whatever!" There it was—*Cacoethes loquendi*—gabbler's itch. He frowned. It was a grave disadvantage, this lack of animus. Because a simple fellow had no consideration in the world, if he talked. They shouted: "Shut up!" or just stared and moved out of earshot. His wife, for example, had simply cleared out, left him for good. Ah! but there was another side to that. He had never been successful with women. It was true that he ought to have supported his wife. But he had a humorous conviction that she would have gone—anyway. Saw it in her eye one day, while he was talking very fast. . . .

The deck was now like a large chamber walled in by the wind. Above the great bowl of light which poured its rays diagonally upon them, the canvas awning seemed to be struggling to escape. It belled out from the halyards in a concave vault of quivering fabric, and then suddenly descended and began to flap viciously in the gusts that came over the bulwarks at intervals. Beyond those bulwarks was darkness, and heaving waters, and a wind that gave out great booming sighs as it fled over the sea. He looked up at last, and found himself as though shunned. And his undisciplined imagination took it as an omen when a wave suddenly reared up over the bulwarks and fled aft, splashing him contemptuously with spray. Nobody touched but him! He shook the water from his eyes and stood up, glancing round to discover the witnesses of his misfortune. But the occupants of the hatch were preoccupied with the problem of existence. The eddying wind and the beating canvas were giving trouble. Children were crying and the mothers, reared up on their haunches from their beds, were looking about for more secluded quarters. The ship took a long, careening roll, and the sea leapt out of the darkness, sparkled and gleamed in the light and detonated upon the deck. The forms of men, safe in the shelter of the alleys, were silhouetted against the far brightness of the kitchens, whence had come great crashes of falling metal. Above the straining canvas, the guy-ropes hummed and tackle squeaked, as it was flung about by the wind and the scend of the ship. As she drew out from the horns of the Dark Gulf she began to wallow on the outer edge of a hurricane.

His mind ran swiftly over the situation, as he edged in between two massive bollards under the lee of the bulkhead. His trouble was, of course, money. Money for an adequate boat and tackle. But for that he would not have mentioned a word to these supercilious beings who would be in Sovranilla for a few hours, and then gone to Curaçao, to Port-au-Prince, to Havana, and New York. No! Much rather would he have depended upon the people he knew in Sovranilla. Perhaps it would have been better if he had never left it. And he would never have heard that conversation, carried on in growls behind the lattice-work where he sat smoking a cigarette after he had washed the dishes for Jovita's Chinese cook. Jovita was the proprietress of the Love Nest Café for Officers in a discreet back street in Colon. The café was upstairs over the street, and was screened all round with plants trellised over green lattice. Jovita's two daughters, as big as herself, danced and looked ponderously languorous at ensigns from Indiana and Ohio. But the growls came from maturer throats. Captains of ships, he reflected, smoking cautiously

and lowering his ear. The lattice creaked as the owner of the growl leaned against it. Outside the Love Nest the tropical rain was descending in wavering sheets. It poured like a momentary cataract over the corrugated iron roof of the kitchen. So the captains replenished their glasses and growled on.

The word Sovranilla came out. One of the speakers grumbled that "they could do what they liked with it, once they got it to Sovranilla." And then "six hundred thousand dollars. Gold, in little barrels a strong boy could run off with!" The speaker became indignant. "And nowhere to put it but a cupboard on the boat-deck with a rotten old ship's lock on it. Of course"—here the growl became almost inaudible—"nobody knowing it, just as safe, eh?" And "What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve for," and a reference to the "worries of life," followed by guttural laughter and contralto badinage from a daughter of Jovita.

The watcher looked at her critically through a crevice in the heavy foliage. That was not his weakness. It exasperated him at times that men should abandon realities for such ephemeral solace as women afforded. Yet they had their uses, he reflected. At Sovranilla, when he was so utterly on the beach that he had but one pair of trousers, a brown-skinned creature with soft black eyes and gentle voice had sewn industriously on his behalf. He had bought her a bottle of perfume when he won eleven dollars on the Commandante's bird at the village cockpit. But for the idolater of tangible riches there was no lure in feminine softness. Indeed, he had this much feminine about him that he loved the things they loved—the glitter of gems, the feel of amber and ivory, the smooth caresses of silk, and the satisfying solidity of coins. He experienced a sensation almost of vertigo as he imagined those "little barrels a strong boy could run off with." The cigarette burned his fingers sharply as he crouched with closed eyes by the lattice.

And they were up there now, a hundred feet away from him, those little barrels. He smuggled down between the bollards and tried to visualise them—clean, solid little affairs, with fat scarlet seals, portable even for "a strong boy." But, with a mysterious lack of logic, his mind would not be preoccupied with them. He discovered that his fortitude was undermined by a desire to return to Sovranilla. He could not evade a secret conviction that he regretted his departure. He drew hard on a cigarette as he recalled that unkempt coast-town sprawling along the edge of a shabby bluff. He liked it. There was no appearance to keep up. The streets were lanes of mud or dust, and pigs and fowls wandered in and out of the houses. Always, when he had been in low water, there was a meal somewhere for him. He could always get a canoe and paddle round to a sheltered cove for an afternoon's swimming. And the brown-skinned girl liked him, for she would wash his clothes and cook for him the food he most fancied.

And he had left it all, without a word of good-bye, because of his fatal facility of speech. There was no doubt that, once started, he could not stop. He told that passenger an astounding tale as he walked up the long jetty carrying the gentleman's valise. And what he realised now, as he sat with his back to the vibrating bulkhead, was that "when he got going" he was not himself, but the person he imagined he was—that alert and efficient image in the rear of his brain! He would have to carry that other magniloquent self upon his back all his days, suffering for the follies of one who seemed to be a fantastic and irresponsible kinsman. Carrying the gentleman's valise, and carried away himself upon a swift gust of speech, he was aware suddenly that he had been presented with a decker's ticket to Colon. He had shown conclusively and exhaustively that if he could only get away from Sovranilla he could regain his position in life. He saw life unfolding for him amid the glare and rattle of the night-life in Colon, wealth coming to him in heaps of paper and metal. So it had befallen, and he had walked out of the great docks of Colon, his own small satchel in his hand, his head high, until he was out of sight. Then he knew he was better off, far better off, in that little town of Sovranilla.

And then, seeing those white-coated men by the door, their glances falling in hard curiosity upon him, hiding there between the bollards, he made a determined gesture, and turned his mind resolutely from

these fancies. And this resolution of his, like a grapnel, caught upon the first thing convenient in his mind. He would have nothing to do with these people on the ship. They had scarcely concealed their amusement while he had sounded them as to their willingness to go into a venture that might be a good thing. These people had no ideas above smuggling drugs or egret feathers, or perhaps pilfering trinkets from a passenger's trunks. He hated them, when they came ashore in Sovranilla. On one occasion he had risen in a paroxysm of disgust, because a crowd of them had walked into the room where he was talking to that brown girl while she ironed. Even they had seen something ominous in the gestures of the thin, unshaven man in shirt and trousers, the cigarette trembling in his fingers as he lashed them with his incomparable tongue. A mistake, they muttered, and withdrew ashamed. Neither he nor the girl had said a word for a long time, and then he had slipped away into the darkness.

As the evening wore on, it was evident that the



"The chief officer, in dirty white uniform and long rubber boots, came down the ladder from the bridge-deck and consulted with the bos'un, a harassed expression on his face as he looked around. The man crouching between bollard and bulkhead watched him with dislike. It was part of his character to hate uniforms."

people lodged beneath the straining awning and attacked by the seas that leapt the bulwarks at uncertain intervals, would be in distress. The chief officer, in dirty white uniform and long rubber boots, came down the ladder from the bridge-deck and consulted with the bos'un, a harassed expression on his face as he looked around. The man crouching between bollard and bulkhead watched him with dislike. It was part of his character to hate uniforms, but behind that human trait there lurked the subtler reason that these men could not be induced to talk. They barked or snarled, or grunted, or were sullenly silent. They symbolised for him, these men, a world in which he had failed to get a footing. Sovranilla, with its pigs and fowls walking in and out among the humans in the huts, was, by comparison, home. There everybody talked, interminable rigmaroles in Spanish, about nothing at all, about the pimple on the nose of the conductor just in on the train from Calomar, or the new white enamelled basin Emilia Gurmiesindo had ordered from New York through Wong Choy's general store, or the bottle of perfume the assistant commandante had smuggled for his wife, but which he had given to Vina Muñoz, who was not esteemed.

He would have plunged into a fresh depth of imaginative reflections had not the whole ship sprung

to life before his eyes. The officer stiffened to an alert rigidity as the whistle whined and blared suddenly above them, three long blasts, and then he ran to the side. The sound of men running came to the ears of the man crouching out of sight. He rose and, looking earnestly at his little valise, walked to the bulwarks.

At first nothing could be seen save the great foam-flecked planes of the sea, a series of enormous and advancing ridges with toppling white crests as they passed. But as he gazed he saw, away on the star-board bow, a slow-rising globe of intense light, a globe that exploded into a cascade of distant spangles. As the radiance died, and the ship sloped sharply forward down the weather side of a wave, he saw something else that evoked from his troubled and weary spirit a sigh of relief. He caught the deep red glow of the wreck-buoy outside Sovranilla, and then it disappeared.

At once, as that rocket ascended into the distant darkness, the officer and his crew ran up the ladders to the boat-deck away above them. It was easy in the confusion for the man who had stood beside them at the bulwarks to follow unobserved. The mere act of ascending was an inspiration to him. For a moment he shrank back as he found himself confronting the long, smooth camber of the promenade deck, with its coloured lights and recumbent forms, and then he sprang on up the next ladder, and came out upon a place of baffling obscurity and a masterful rushing wind.

Here was no water, only a ceaseless pressure of air. It roared above him as he stumbled over dead-eyes and guy-ropes. It tore at the collar of his shirt, and flapped the trousers about his knees and ankles. But he gained what he wanted, a high, clear view of that ruby light, and he clung to the corner of a deck-house and watched it. All about him were men shouting as they toiled above one of the boats. The wavering beam of a flashlight suddenly threw them into brilliant relief, and their eager faces as they turned gave them the appearance of a party of conspirators. He shrank back into the shadow of the house as the light advanced. And, while they were putting the boat out over the water, his mind became clogged with sensations.

He became aware that he was concealed from view by the very thing he had set out to seek. He was in deep shadow, and sheltered from the roaring wind. And an ecstasy assaulted him, a desire, not so much to do what he had vividly imagined, as to see if for once his imagination had not played him false. And he began to explore, concentrating in a few moments some of those discoveries often spread over years.

For while he was feeling for the door behind which lay the money, he was also exploring his own nature. He was conscious of watching with painful curiosity what he would do. The door, of course, would be locked, but there was a window, a round scuttle opening inward, and too small even for the strong boy the captain had sardonically specified. And he saw himself reach an arm into that window, and touch the rough edges of a barrel-head. He saw the enterprise crowned with success. A determined struggle with the door, a dozen swift journeys to the deserted lee rail, a quick fixing of position in his mind, and then away down to the raucous uproar of the deckers. How could they suspect him? He fondled the smooth perfection of the plan.

For once his imagination had not fooled him. Here it was at last, the authentic foot of the rainbow. He saw himself in Sovranilla, telling the children, as the passing rain-squall fled over the emerald and silver waves, that there was a cask of gold at the foot of yonder coloured arch. He would make an allegory of it until the time came when they could go out and see how truly he had spoken.

And that thought made him shrink back as though he had been struck suddenly in the darkness. He felt the hot plates of the funnel against his hands and shoulders. There it was again, that devil with the forked tongue, the devil of loquacity. He sprang away and stumbled aft until he came to the rail overlooking the awning. It was going; the wind was ripping it halyard by halyard, and he could discern the hullabaloo of the helpless folk dodging the ruthless lashings of the canvas. Could he accomplish nothing without this ebullient verbiage? His hands closed desperately on the rail, as though the rushing wind

(Continued on page 194.)

THE JOVIAN MYSTERY: EQUATOR ROTATING FASTER THAN POLES.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., THE WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER-ARTIST.



IS JUPITER'S SURFACE SEMI-MOLTEN? EIGHT EXTRA DAYS A YEAR AT THE EQUATOR!

During the summer months Jupiter is particularly brilliant, although he gradually declines in brightness until he disappears from the evening sky early in October. At the moment special interest attaches, therefore, to our illustration, which presents a series of telescopic views of the planet, showing the incessant turmoil of the surface. Unprecedentedly swift rotation causes the flattening at the poles, the equatorial diameter (90,000 miles) exceeding the polar by 5620 miles. The surface equilibrium is between the centrifugal force of rotation and gravitational attraction at its centre. An interesting problem is whether the Jovian surface is composed of semi-molten matter, or represents simply a display of self-raised clouds. Were all the markings of a transitory nature, the latter conclusion might be accepted, but the durability of many of them over long periods, and without fixed position on the surface, has led to the theory of a semi-molten surface.

This is of far-reaching importance in connection with a phenomenon exhibited by the planet's axial rotation. Unlike the earth, not all Jupiter's surface rotates in one length of time. The entire equatorial regions perform a single rotation in five minutes' less time than does the rest of the planet. To be more exact, the equatorial portion rotates in 9 hours 50½ minutes; elsewhere in about 9 hours 55½ minutes. The Jovian equatorial regions which manifest this remarkable independent rotation are some 12,000 miles wide, or one and a-half times the diameter of the earth. Everywhere within the tropics, the planet is rotating 240 miles an hour quicker than elsewhere, with the result that an extra rotation is accomplished every seven weeks. A Jovian inhabitant at the equator would enjoy eight days more in twelve months' time than he would in higher latitudes.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Marchioness of Bath had quite a bevy of pretty girls to meet the Prince of Wales at Longleat. When the most interesting and important bachelor in the Empire goes a-visiting where there are pretty girls to meet him, and where the daughter of the house is not so much pretty as really and truly lovely, then tongues will wag over affairs matrimonial, and all England seems to have concentrated on the desire for an English Princess of Wales. Well, the Prince has been introduced to and met many lovely, beautiful, clever, pretty and lively girls, but none of them has, so far, made him marry. One cannot help thinking that we shall get our Princess of Wales in 1924, but we must wait and see who she will be.

The close of this season has been far more exciting and alluring than its beginning. I heard from an American friend a curious theory to account for this. It was the great influx of American visitors,

were too straight up-and-down for the most modern revival of ancient lines, so post-Flood models had to be adopted and the waist-line indicated, while the hips are accentuated by pleats. One may be a narrow Bluecoat boy, and the narrow—ever the hardest to attain—is also the most esteemed; or one may be a broad Bluecoat boy, but that is the latest model. The corset-maker may either go out of business or turn attention to the figures of mere males, which are now assuming considerable importance in their eyes. On recent occasions, when the precious sex was black-coated and top-hatted, there were many evidences of the corsetière's art. The waist-line was gracefully and gently compressed with decided advantage to the set of a well-cut coat.

Our noble sex is finding all sorts of outlets for its energies. Amateur auctioneers opened another when they entered the auctioneer's rostrum on afternoons of last week, and sold all sorts of things, from valuable furniture to table-cloths, in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. There may be professional women auctioneers, although one has not personally encountered them. To hear the Countess of Brecknock, Lady Carson, Lady Warrender, and Mrs. Marriott extolling the goods they brought to the hammer, was to know that they were specially qualified for the work. The man auctioneer who relieved them occasionally sounded a trite stater of bare facts after the fascinating tales told by the amateurs. Their eyes were skinned—to use an expressive colloquialism—for bids. They missed nothing, these noble auctioneers, and one of them at least said that she had quite enjoyed the experience.

There are parties and parties! At that given last week by Lady Bland-Sutton, to meet the delegates of the International Congress of Surgery, one wondered what would happen in the world if the house were burned or bombed. All the finest brains in the healing arts of surgery and medicine in Europe, America, and the Empire were represented. It was a question how all those clever-looking men regarded the ordinary and a few extraordinary womenkind invited to meet them. The Dowager Countess of Jersey was there, a woman of rare intelligence and greatly travelled; the Dowager Countess of Gosford I saw, a daughter of one of the cleverest women of her day, the "double Duchess," who married two Dukes, the late Duke of Manchester and the late Duke of Devonshire, in itself no mean achievement, but she was also a leader of, and a great power in, society. There was Lady Pirrie, too, who has to her account much fine work for raising funds to build and equip a great hospital in Belfast. Mrs. Kendal was there, and other women who have carved out niches for themselves, including the pretty and delightful hostess, who, in addition to being the right wife for our President of the Royal College of Surgeons, was for many years the chief organiser of happy evenings for poor children, and is well known for good works in other directions. It was what can truly be called an interesting party, and it was beautifully done. Dr. Banting, whose insulin cure of diabetes

has caused such a sensation, was one of the lions; but there were several, though they roared only like sucking-doves.

There is artistry in the family of the Duke of Leeds. That the wedding of Lady Guendolen Osborne to Mr. Algernon Cecil was a really beautiful affair is, therefore, small wonder. He is, and has been for a long time, a Catholic; his bride is not one, but there were flowers, there was music, and there was an address. The bridal procession was very fine even without ecclesiastical additions. The dresses, all blue and silver, and the bride's white and silver, were in mediæval style, and coming down the long nave of Westminster Cathedral the bridegroom and bride set and kept a pace of slow dignity. The pages walked next, and then the little bridesmaids graduated up to two tall girls at the rear.

Miss Diana Beckett made a bride good to look upon, and in her costume did not neglect the blossoms symbolical of bridehood. They were seen in a wide girdle below the waistline with a long end from waist to hem, as a wreath, and on her train. Her three wee pages in white with scarlet sashes, and her bridesmaids in soft white and silver, carrying red rosebuds, were all in a charming picture.

A. E. L.



Sable is the beautiful fur chosen for this lovely stole.

who certainly have come here this year in far greater numbers than to France. The theory proceeds to state that, knowing there were so many Transatlantic visitors, we had put our best foot foremost, lest they should go back and say London was a dull city. There may be something in it. Personally, I think the weather accounted for the most of it. There have been many dances each possible evening since May, and in private houses. Some have reached the dimensions of balls, but, until June was out, functions in the day time were damped down by cold, dull weather. Bless the Americans! Very cordially are they welcomed here; but the brilliance of the season is not dependent on them.

The engagement of Lady Evelyn Herbert, the Countess of Carnarvon's only daughter, to Sir Edward and Lady Beauchamp's son, is very interesting. Lady Evelyn gave up many social pleasures to go exploring in Egypt with her father, to whom she was devoted. It was his wish that she should be the first to enter Tutankhamen's tomb, as her reward for her great interest and constant companionship in the search for it. She is a pretty, rather *petite* girl, for whom her mother gave a coming-out ball in the beautiful house in Seamore Place left to her by the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. The bride-elect will be well dowered, of course. She has, however, a talent for intelligent and fascinating comradeship that, apart from other delightful qualities, will make her a great success as a wife.

The very latest smart silhouette for the fashionable woman is one closely resembling that of the Bluecoat boy. Mrs. Noah and her daughters-in-law



Moleskin is among the most favoured mediums for summer coatees.

waistline with a long end from waist to hem, as a wreath, and on her train. Her three wee pages in white with scarlet sashes, and her bridesmaids in soft white and silver, carrying red rosebuds, were all in a charming picture.



A fashionable moleskin coatee relieved with a collar lining of soft white lapin. (See page 188.)

'Born 1820—Still going Strong !



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 27.

BATTLE ABBEY, Sussex:—Founded in 1067 by William the Conqueror to commemorate his great victory at Hastings, it was consecrated in 1094. Portions of the original monastery still remain.

Johnnie Walker :

“ Your invasion of England has proved a blessing in the long run.”

Shade of William
the Conqueror :

“ Not quite so welcome as yours, I am afraid.”

Fashions and Fancies.

Everything for the Holidays.

It must be remembered by the intending holiday-maker that Boots' Regent Street branch is a veritable treasure-house for the seaside or country visitor. There is an endless variety of useful things to be found in their salons, including the "Icyhot," the splendid vacuum flask illustrated on this page; 15s. 9d. is the remarkably modest price, and as it has a specially wide mouth, it can be used for solids as well as liquids. Ice-cream will remain frozen for three days, and it is ideal for keeping butter and milk cool in hot weather. The advantages of being able to heat water at night and find it nearly boiling in the morning are too obvious to be enlarged upon. Boots' photographic department is already well known as a depot where amateurs can obtain expert advice, and the Vest-Pocket Kodak shown here costs 35s. in its leather case. It is simplicity itself to use, and a camera that can be folded up into such small space is an invaluable holiday companion.



The "Icyhot" Vacuum Flask and a Vest-Pocket Kodak which can be obtained at Boots'.

to the original bottle of crystals that can be made into a syrup, a powdered form has recently been introduced. It is packed in tins, ready for immediate use, and a



Bees, butterflies, or flowers decorate the bathing-caps at Boots', Regent Street.

A Refreshing Lemonade.

Eiffel Tower lemonade has long been a firm favourite with old and young alike. It is deliciously refreshing in hot weather, economical in use, and wholesome into the bargain. In addition

teaspoonful in a glass of water is all that is required. No sugar need be added, as the preparation is already sufficiently sweetened.

Fashions in Furs.

In England, furs can never be entirely discarded—one advantage for which Englishwomen must thank the climate, for there is no more



A pair of beach shoes of scarlet crepe rubber. Other shades are available.



Boots', Regent Street, have a wonderful collection of sponges, ranging from a shilling to two guineas each.

effective back-ground for enhancing the charm of a pretty face than beautiful furs. Light furs, naturally, reign supreme in summer, and the skin

which finds most favour in Fashion's eyes is, perhaps, moleskin. Long coats have given way to coatees and wraps, and at many of the summer *plages* wide stoles in which the edges can be clipped together at the sides to form wrap coatees are much in evidence, and moleskin is almost always the medium chosen. The coatee with long sleeves has changed a little in form from those worn last year. Instead of being gathered into a band over the hips, the majority of the newest models are comparatively tight-fitting to the waist, whence they flare into a little basque. The soft and universally becoming colour of moleskin is particularly charming if it is set off with a lighter fur, as in the delightful coatee shown on page 186.

Picnic Baskets and Bathing Kit.


Well-equipped picnic baskets are available at Boots' for 19s. 6d., and they are a triumph of economy in space, for the one on this page contains a stove, kettle, spirit-container, milk-bottle, sandwich-box, and a place for tea and sugar, besides knives, spoons, and unbreakable enamelled cups and plates. Gaily-coloured bathing caps range from 1s. to 3s. 11d., while crepe-rubber beach shoes of equally brilliant hue cost 5s. 8d. They have a really wonderful collection of sponges at prices which vary from 1s. to 2 guineas each.



A well-filled picnic-basket which every holiday-maker will appreciate.

A Publication of Note.

Every woman interested in the trend of fashion should write to W. McGill, 24, Conduit Street, for a copy of that delightful little book, "The Summer Time Charm of Conduit Street." It is full of useful information and well-written articles dealing with subjects of varied appeal. E. A. R.



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STELLA LINDSAY. By CHRISTOPHER CULLEY. (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net.)

A love story that opens on a ranch in Texas, which the heroine has inherited. Her lover, whom she meets there, proves to be an outlaw, and she breaks with him, but that is not the end of the tale. It does not lack exciting incident.

GOLDEN DISHES. By RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

The common choice between love and duty confronts the heroine of this story, whose setting moves from an Italian lake to the New Forest. The principal characters are an eccentric artist, his sister (the heroine) and his ultra-modern daughter. Aunt and niece are rivals in an affair of the heart.

EDGAR. By IVOR GATTY. (McLose; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a first novel by a new writer of promise. We meet Edgar first as a baby in a Derbyshire parsonage, and the book is a study of his upbringing and mental conflicts as to the choice of a career. The religious life attracts him, but we leave him eventually as a young doctor going to start practice in the East End.

SILHOUETTE. By A. M. ALLEN. (Chapman and Dodd; 7s. net.)

A mordant study of political womanhood. The setting is the Conference of Women Workers at Geneva, where the advent of a fair and well-dressed candidate for the post of International Secretary flutters the doves of the "bobbed-haired, tweed-skirted, and strong-booted." There is also a restrained love interest. Miss Allen knows her League of Nations, and describes its ways with pointed humour.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF PHILIP JETTAN. By STELLA MARTIN. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

The author describes her story as "a comedy of manners," and indicates the period by the statement in Chapter I.: "That was way back in the last century when

Charles the Second was King." Whether the expression "way back" was used in the succeeding century may be doubted, but matters little. The hero is "transformed" from a country bumpkin to a fashionable blade of London and Paris who shines in Society and fights duels.

THE NOOSE OF SIN. By FRANCIS CARCO. Translated from the French by EMILE HOPE. (Jonathan Cape; 6s.)

SAINT MAGLOIRE. By ROLAND DORGELES. Translated by PAULINE DE CHARY. (Collins; 7s. 6d. net.)

This story, like the last-named, is a translation from the French, but in different vein. It describes the disquieting effect on a conventional French country town of a fervid missionary, hailed as "saint" and miracle-worker, who returns to France after forty years in the African wild. M. Dorgelès is the author of a well-known war book, "Croix de Bois."

THE MINSTER. By ARTHUR E. J. LEGGE. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

An obvious comparison is suggested by the author's prefatory note stating that he had originally named his book, "The Cathedral," but that while it was in the publisher's hands, "a novel by a well-known writer appeared under that title." Readers of Mr. Walpole's book will doubtless turn to Mr. Legge's to see how a similar subject, the life of an episcopal city, has been treated by another hand.

THE TURNING SWORD. By G. V. MCFADDEN. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

The scene is laid in Dorset in the days of postchaises and mail-coaches. The story concerns the regeneration, through love, of a young man who is a fugitive from the law, and whose identity is at length discovered by his father, who had years before forsaken wife and child after an unfortunate marriage and believed both to be dead. By the same author are "The Honest Lawyer," "His Grace of Grub Street," and several other novels.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN. By GEORGE VANE (Visconde de Sarmiento). (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

This story tells of the love adventures of a young Englishman in Portuguese society, and ends with a dramatic scene in which a bride on her wedding day renounces the world for the veil. A touch of actuality is given by a prefatory note stating that "the five love-letters transcribed were written in the French language by the prototype of Doña Marianna. She died quite recently in a convent in Spain." Among the author's other novels are "The Lifted Latch," and "The Love Dream."



THE WOODMEN OF ARDEN AND THE ROYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS: THE CONTEST IN THE ARCHERY FIELD, IN THE EAST MEADOWS, EDINBURGH.

The Woodmen of Arden, in Warwickshire, met the Royal Company of Archers (the King's Bodyguard for Scotland) the other day in the triennial shoot for the Challenge Cup which had been held by the Woodmen for fifteen years. On this occasion, the Scots won the trophy by 14 to 5. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh (Sir Thomas Hutchison) headed the Scots; and the Rev. A. E. Bedford, the Englishmen. The Woodmen wear white duck trousers as part of their "uniform."—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

A grim study of the mental tortures of a Paris baker who has murdered an old woman for her money, of his efforts to elude the police, and of his relations with a girl who knows his secret. In spite of its sordid and repellent subject, the book attracts by its merciless realism.

note stating that "the five love-letters transcribed were written in the French language by the prototype of Doña Marianna. She died quite recently in a convent in Spain." Among the author's other novels are "The Lifted Latch," and "The Love Dream."

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TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

THE late Albert Chevalier was, I suppose, one of the best known and most loved of character comedians, and the memory of his famous coster impersonations will remain classic. Many of the most popular were recorded by him some years ago, and it is still possible to hear his voice in some of the old favourites.

Pitt Chatham, who died on July 6 after an illness of only a few days, was of a younger generation and of quite an opposite type. He came to fame in this country as Morano in "Polly," which part he created and was playing at the Savoy when illness overtook him. Recently we published a photograph of him in these Notes, taken when he was making records of some of his songs from "Polly."

ANOTHER COMPLETE SYMPHONY.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony in B Minor, familiarly known as the "Pathétique," is the subject of a special issue ("His Master's Voice"), the complete work taking five twelve-inch double-sided discs. Sir Landon Ronald and the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra are responsible for the performance, which is well up to the standard one expects from this famous combination. Particularly fine is the third movement—*allegro molto*—with its rushing "triplet" figure, broken ever and anon by the quotation from the "March" theme, like a question played over the restless strings by the trumpets, until the climax is reached in the glorious march itself. One of the players in a well-known orchestra told me that his fellow members had fitted words to this short theme, the same being "What shall we have for supper?"

It is good that these "big" works are now being recorded in full, and although some of the fraternity of critics might wish for another of the symphonic works not so well worn as regards their own ears, I cannot help thinking that a crystal-clear work like the "Pathétique" will find its way to and convince many who think that "classical" music is "dull" music of the error of their ideas. Particularly will it prove a boon and a blessing to those who have not the opportunities enjoyed by dwellers in large towns, especially Londoners, of hearing performances in the concert hall.

THE JULY RECORDS.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE."

There is a strong instrumental section to this month's issues, and pride of place must be accorded to Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite, which is splendidly recorded by the Symphony Orchestra under Albert

Coates. It is "fairy-tale" music, in five movements. First, the "Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty"; then "Hop o' My Thumb"; thirdly, "The Empress of the Pagodas," followed by "Beauty and the Beast"; and lastly, "The Fairy Garden." The writing and scoring are, of course, modern, but the suite contains



WELSH FOLK-SONGS ON THE GRAMOPHONE: MISS LEILA MEGANE, WHOSE SONGS FORM A DISTINCT FEATURE IN THIS MONTH'S RECORDS OF THE GRAMOPHONE ("HIS MASTER'S VOICE") COMPANY.

many enchanting melodies, and the delicate effects and atmosphere come through with complete success.

In d'Ambrosio's "Serenade," Heifetz shows his complete mastery of technique in a composition which gives him, short as it is, plenty of opportunity for the display of his remarkable powers, and, incidentally, of his lovely tone. Another good violin record is that by Isolde Menges, who plays a mazurka by Zarzycki

and Svendsen's "Romance," both in brilliant style. There is only one pianoforte disc, but it is a very charming one, giving Una Bourne's renderings of some of Cyril Scott's short pieces—"A Little Waltz," "Water Wagtail," and "Impromptu." Precision and delicacy are the features of Miss Bourne's playing.

To my mind, one of the most satisfying records on this list is that giving two Welsh folk-songs, "David of the White Rock" and "The Little Thatched Cottage," which are perfectly sung (in Welsh) by Leila Megane, who has already proved herself a fine record-maker in heavy material. In these lovely airs she is heard at her best. As a direct contrast, we have Galli-Curci's singing of the now well-known "Chanson Hindoue" from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Sadko," and Dame Clara Butt in "Caro mio ben," a beautiful air by Giordani.

There is ample opportunity for comparing vocal mannerisms in records by no less than four tenors of note, hailing from different countries. Anseau (Belgium) sings "Vois ma misère," from "Samson et Dalila"; Fleta (Spain) sings "A te o cara," a love song from Bellini's opera, "I Puritani"; Joseph Hislop (Scotland) is heard in the much-recorded "Che gelida manina," from "Bohème"; and Tudor Davies (Wales) gives two airs, sung in English, from "Tosca" and "La forza del Destino." There are some so-called "popular" numbers, and a quantity of very jolly dance records.

"COLUMBIA."

The New Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry Wood, has made a fine record of Mendelssohn's Overture, "Fingal's Cave," in which the detail is very clear; and the same organisation's "little brother," the New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, plays a selection of the orchestral numbers from Charpentier's "Louise," in which the Preludes to Acts I., II., and III., the Interlude from Act II., and the Ballet and Finale are introduced. Another interesting record is a double-sided disc giving two duets for flute and clarinet played by Robert Murchie and Haydn Draper. Both are masters of their instrument, and the result is very pleasing indeed.

William Murdoch (pianoforte) plays Debussy's "Arabesque in G" and Percy Grainger's "Irish Tune from County Derry." Dame Clara Butt heads the vocal section with a ballad, "In the Chimney Corner," and Hubert Eisdell sings in his characteristic manner Quilter's "Morning Song" and Parry's "Whether I Live"; while Edgar Coyle gives four of the late H. Lane Wilson's graceful arrangements of Old English Melodies. The remainder of the "Columbia" list for July consists of military band selections and dance numbers by the Savoy Havana Band. **STYLUS.**

The Cornish Riviera



CORNWALL, with its cool summer climate, is the ideal county for holiday-makers in July and August, and that this fact is appreciated is evidenced by the many visitors now in residence in the charming coast resorts of the Duchy.

The cooling influence of the ocean which surrounds Cornwall on three sides is thoroughly authenticated. Another immense advantage is to be found in the fact that 4,500 miles of the broad Atlantic lie between Cornwall and the West Indies, and across that enormous expanse of ocean the breezes bring to the Cornish Coast air as nearly perfectly pure as can be found anywhere in the world.

The G.W.R. Summer Programme of tours and excursions is now in operation, and the already comprehensive arrangements will be greatly augmented for the August Bank Holiday period. Full details can be obtained at the Company's Stations.

"Cornish Riviera" Travel Book, price 3d. at G.W. stations and offices; or sent post free for 9d., on application to the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2.

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DECKERS ON THE COAST.*(Continued from page 184.)*

was a fate trying to bear him away. And as he stood there fate came to him, in the guise of a man in oil-skins who bumped into him in the darkness, who asked him who he was, and, without waiting for an answer, bade him go forward and man the boat.

He thought, afterwards, when he had reached it, had clambered into it as it swayed on the outswung davits, that he must have spoken at length to the man

lighted deck and bright port-holes, row on row, into the darkness below, was a symbol of life. Consecrated to a high purpose, they descended into unknown perils as though from another world, and suddenly they were afloat and the falls unhooked, and they were pulling with a mystical union of energy towards a cascade of falling stars.

And here, for a stark materialist, the episode would have ended in failure. But for him it was a

barque, dismasted and careened upon the white-toothed rocks below the bluffs. He saw them as those frightened and weary men tumbled aboard with a shout and a whimper of delight. But he saw them best of all when, after the long, long pull, they gained the little harbour and stood at last upon the jetty below the silent huts of Sovranilla. It was the moment of dawn, and the steamer was standing in toward the anchorage. None of them noted his gesture as he faced the eastern ranges where the sun had touched



PUTTING IN THE WATER LILIES: THE ST. JAMES'S PARK LAKE REFILLED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE WAR.

The water was drained from the St. James's Park lake during the war, so that it might not act as a guide to enemy airmen. All will soon be normal again.—[Photograph by Topical.]

in the oil-skins. The words of that man sang in his ears like harpstrings—"For the Lord's sake shut up—not so much conversation—talk later—see the rockets—get in—ready, Bos'un?—then lower away!"

The ship had been stopped, and by the time the boat had begun to descend, all way was gone from her. And it seemed to him, as he sat in the boat among a half-dozen of silent men, that their rapid passing by

revelation of his own potential character. Sitting there in the obscurity of the storm, joined with unseen and unknown men in a common beneficent endeavour, he shed the pretentious trappings of an irksome life-habit and comprehended resolutely his true bearings. He saw them as, when he was poised high upon a lofty wave-crest, the ruby light of the wreck-buoy shone across to him. He saw them when, after enormous labour, they had won to the lee side of the great

the snowy summits of the Andes with rose. It was a gesture of surrender and illumination, a symbol of what he now comprehended and believed.

And often, in after days, the children would see him pause in his talk when a rain-squall fled away over the Caribbean, and make that gesture towards the rainbow, watching in silence where the shaft of it sank into the emerald sea.

THE END.

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Character & Taste

I am not saying that "B.L." is the finest Scotch Whisky though my friends would have it so. I know the blend has rare quality and I would mention its well-pleasing flavour.

But it would be a dull world if we all had the same tastes. I mistrust a Welshman professing to admire Burns; I would not care to hear the bagpipes played by, say, a Frenchman, however proficient he might be; and there are some people I would rather see drinking water than "B.L."

If we lacked different tastes we should lack character.

I am confident that you will appreciate "B.L." Gold Label Scotch Whisky, even if you do not prefer it; even if it is not exactly to your taste. But if you prefer it; appreciate its rare subtlety . . . then very keen pleasure is yours.

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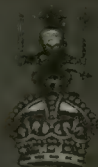
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RADIO NOTES.

RADIO CONTROL OF SHIPS WITHOUT CREWS.

MOST people, if they were to witness a number of bombing aeroplanes attacking a war-ship which by various manoeuvres endeavoured to get out of range, would be sceptical if told that the ship bore not a single soul aboard. At the same time, presuming that the vessel was manned, sceptics would wonder how the crew fared whenever an aerial bomb made a direct hit. However, it is a fact that an unmanned ship may be made to manoeuvre at the will and discretion of someone perhaps many miles distant from the area of operations. It is by radio or "wireless" waves that this remarkable feat is achieved, and its possibilities are tremendous both in time of peace and war. For example, an unmanned vessel could be directed towards a harbour mouth, and when in position, sunk, thereby bottling up a submarine base. Or a torpedo controlled by radio waves might be steered to follow every movement of its prey in fruitless attempts to avoid being hit.

Everyone who listens to broadcasts has also heard the dot and dash signals of the Morse code used by ships when communicating by radio with other ships or with shore stations. The tiny amount of electrical energy which causes agitation of the telephone diaphragm, thus enabling us to hear a Morse code "dot," for example, will act as the basis for putting into operation other apparatus capable of powerful mechanical action, such as would be required for the remote control of a ship without a crew. The method, whilst being highly interesting, yet at the same time comparatively simple, has been known since the earliest "wireless" days, when the greatest practical accomplishment of the new discovery was the ringing of an electric bell by means of a "coherer" and a relay.

A relay may be likened to a cotton-reel wound with copper wire instead of cotton, its spindle-hole filled with a short length of iron rod. If the ends of the copper wire are connected to a small electric

battery, the iron rod becomes a magnet, and will attract another piece of iron supported in close proximity. If the latter piece of iron, whilst attracted towards the cotton-reel, is made to touch a metallic point forming part of an electrical circuit having a much bigger battery and larger-sized cotton-reel wound with more and thicker wire than the first reel, then this second circuit will create a stronger magnetic pull than the first. The process may be repeated



RADIO ADDS ITS CHARM TO RIVER LIFE: PUNTING WITH MUSIC.

Holiday-makers up river may obtain considerable enjoyment by listening to broadcast music from a receiving-set installed in a punt or other type of river craft. The aerial wires may be supported to a light mast, and the "earth" connection is made by a wire hanging overboard and immersed. In addition to the regular evening broadcasts, the Sunday afternoon concerts, from "2LO," the London broadcasting station, are very popular up river at this time of the year.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

until there is sufficient pull on the last relay to cause a "finger" to move a toothed wheel, cog by cog, every time the electrical circuit is closed.

An apparatus somewhat on the foregoing lines is included on the crewless ship in conjunction with its radio receiving apparatus, and a single "dot" transmitted on a special wave-length from the controlling station, wherever it may be, will be received by the

crewless ship's radio apparatus. After passing through the various relays the effect of the "dot" will be so strengthened as to cause the toothed wheel to be turned one notch. In this position the wheel makes contact with an electrical circuit which opens the valve of a compressed air tank, and the air-pressure will work machinery causing, for example, the vessel to be steered to starboard. A second "dot" will turn the toothed wheel one more notch, into contact with another circuit, to bring the rudder normal. A third "dot" will put the rudder over to port. The operator who transmits the "dots" knows how many teeth there are on the wheel, and the particular action which each position will control; therefore, he sends as many "dots" as may be necessary to bring the wheel into the required position.

By a special arrangement the toothed wheel may be brought to zero, but it is not possible, for many reasons, to explain the intricacies by which this important point is provided for.

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Gamage's, of Holborn, are willing to send a representative to any address to install and demonstrate a receiving-set. In the event of the demonstration set being chosen, the only additional charge will be for the representative's actual out-of-pocket expenses; but, if purchase is declined, a client is asked to defray expenses, plus 21s. per day to cover the time of the representative.

Messrs. Gamage's great "wireless" department has been at the service of the public for over ten years, and has grown with the times. A new illustrated catalogue of apparatus has just been issued, and contains interesting particulars of all kinds of broadcast receivers, and, in addition, everything necessary for the experimenter. Not the least interesting part of the catalogue is that given to a list of fifty books devoted to the subject of "wireless" and electricity. The catalogue is obtainable post free on application to Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., 1, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1, mentioning the *I.L.N.*—W. H. S.

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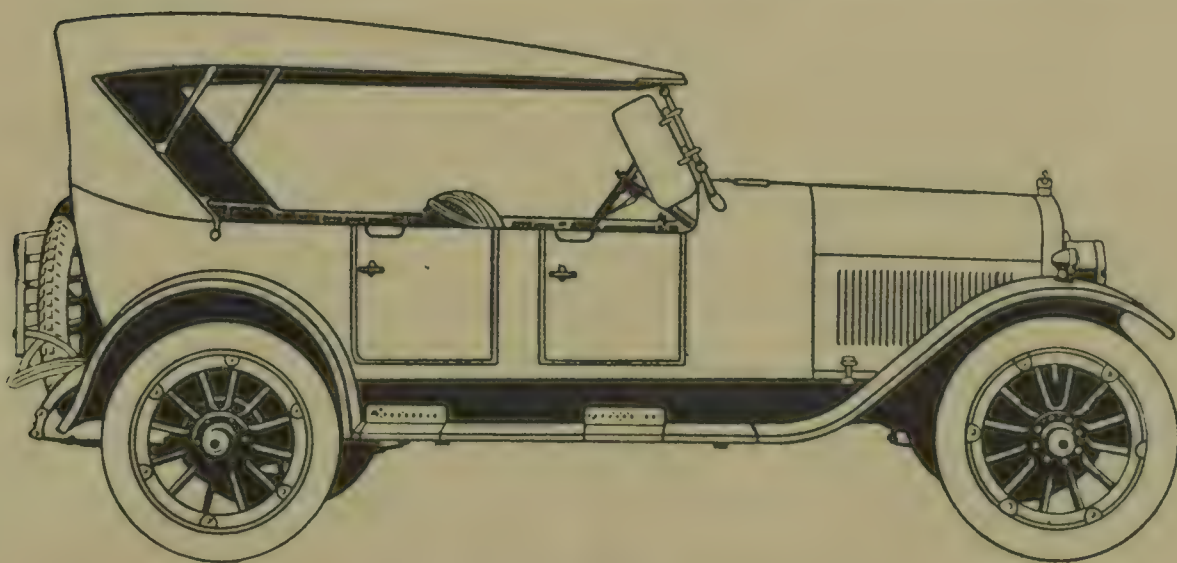
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Is It War? It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and, whatever the reason underlying it, the motoring public will welcome the recent announcement regarding the price of petrol.



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This has been reduced by 3½d. per gallon, which brings it very nearly down to pre-war level. According to one authority, this price reduction has been brought about by a drop in the cost of crude oil in America. On the other hand, it is said that it presages war between the oil companies. As to that I cannot say, though it seems improbable that these groups, which have an excellent working arrangement among themselves, would embark upon anything so foolish as cut-throat competition of the kind which the word "war" would denote. However, all that matters for the moment is that the price is down, and we can accordingly be thankful for the mercy vouchsafed to us.

Traffic Signals. Apparently the new code of traffic signals issued by the Home Office to police authorities has come in for a good deal of criticism. For my own part, I do not see where

room for criticism comes in, except, possibly, in the matter of the signal which indicates the intention to turn to the left. This is perhaps superfluous, because a left turn does not, or should not, mean crossing the line of moving traffic. I am not so certain that, in London at any rate, it may not be useful, in view of the penchant of the taxi-driver for passing on the inside when he is overtaking. Even so, it is doubtful whether the illegally overtaking vehicle—for it is illegal to pass inside—will be in a position from which the turn-left signal will be observed. In that case it certainly would seem useless as a preventive of accidents, and on the whole it could be dispensed with altogether. As to the rest, I think they are admirable.

Dangerous Driving.

I have been piling up a very considerable mileage during the past few weeks, in the course of which I have noticed an appalling amount of really dangerous driving. Twice within the last fortnight I have had very narrow escapes from serious accident through the insane practice

of a certain type of driver who, with a total disregard for the safety of everybody, insists on passing on blind corners. In one case I was coasting down the descent to Burford Bridge, a car was coming up slowing on the off side of the road, when round the corner came a Ford van, coming fast up hill, and right over to the edge of the road. Fortunately, I was not going fast, and had the car under perfect control, though, as it was, I had to skid in order to pull up in time to avert collision. An exactly parallel experience befell a night or two later on a very bad corner near Horsham, but in this case it was a small two-seater which was the culprit. I suppose one really ought to report these cases, with

the number of the car, to the R.A.C. or the A.A., with a view to prosecution of the offending drivers. This type of offence is becoming so common that I have come to the conclusion that this is a duty one owes to one's fellow-motorists.

R.A.C. News.

The vehicle enclosures at Goodwood Races (July 31 to August 3), are again under the charge of the R.A.C. The charges for admission will be levied on each vehicle, and not on the occupants, who are admitted free of charge to the various vehicle enclosures. There is ample accommodation for parking cars, and in the motor enclosure the occupants of cars can view the races. Booking in advance can be made at a special office at 83, Pall Mall, S.W., which will remain open till Saturday, July 28.

Here is an amusing story of an experience which recently befell a member of the R.A.C. Whilst running along a country road in his car, he passed a fellow-motorist who had evidently met with an accident. A constable was standing by, and to him the Good Samaritan remarked, as he dismounted from



IN THE 15.9 HUMBER HE USED THROUGHOUT HIS VISIT: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PETERBOROUGH FOR THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

his car: "Can I be of any assistance to the poor fellow?" "Yes," said the constable; "but you can also show me your license." Somewhat nettled

(Continued overleaf.)



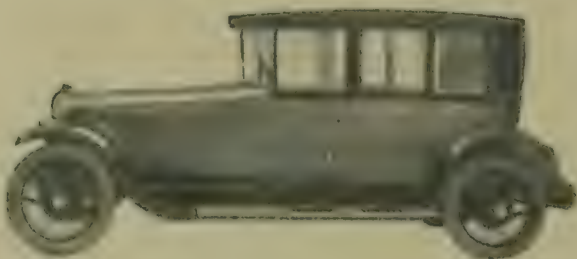
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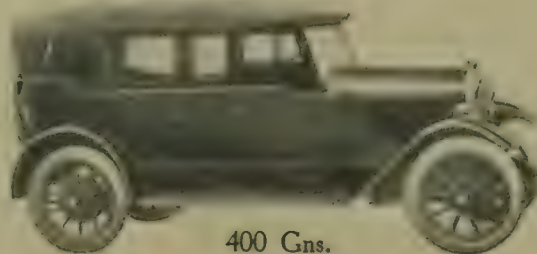
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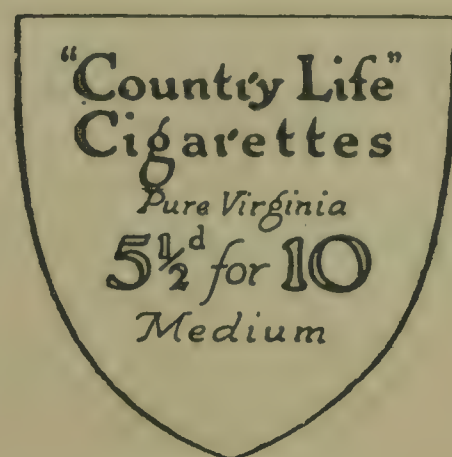


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at the response, he did as requested, and judge of his surprise when he was told that the license was out-of-date. Result: Summoned—and all through trying to do a fellow-motorist a good turn!

The R.A.C. guides, as a whole, do their work so unobtrusively and well that it rarely strikes the motoring man on the road how much he owes to their courtesy and assistance. It is gratifying, therefore, to find an enthusiast paying tribute in the columns of a *Worthing* paper to the excellent work of one of these familiar figures in blue. The man in question is responsible for directing and aiding traffic at Old Shoreham Bridge (Triangle) corner. This corner is one of the worst in Sussex, and for almost a year its traffic has been more than doubled, as the Norfolk Bridge was closed. "As a corner," writes this correspondent, "it's the limit. Thanks to R.A.C. and Mr. R.A.C. on point duty there for keeping us all right so far."

W. W.



DEFEATED BY THE COMMONS IN THE SHOOTING FOR THE VIZIANAGRAM CHALLENGE CUP, AT BISLEY: THE HOUSE OF LORDS TEAM.

From left to right (seated) are Lord HelmPatrick, who scored 83; Lord Cottesloe, 95; the Duke of Wellington, 63; Lord Sempill, 93; and (standing) Major-General Lord Loch, 89.—[Photograph by Topical.]

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S "COMING OF GABRIELLE."

THERE is no need to be angry with a writer of Mr. George Moore's distinction because he cannot write a play or master the technique of the theatre, for to those who know this wayward genius and have followed his record Mr. Leon M. Lion's experiment, at St. James's matinees, of staging "The Coming of Gabrielle" could bring no serious disappointment and had a certain literary and personal interest. Practised hands, indeed, might have made something out of the gossamer-thin story which Mr. Moore, in his attempt at a comedy, seeks to tell here—out of the secretary's mission abroad to meet the lady who has been sending his patron love-letters and photographs, out of the irony of the Countess's falling in love with and marrying deputy instead of principal, and out of her amusing insistence that the masquerade she has all along seen through, by virtue of which the young man has impersonated the elder, shall continue in England, and the real man of letters watch, in the guise of underling and spectator, the game of love he is too old to practise. A Milne or a Maugham might have made the whipped cream of comedy out of a scheme such as this: in George Moore's case it is only the dialogue that gets across the footlights, and even its wit is of too strictly literary a sort to prove very telling in the playhouse. The one positive achieve-

ment of the enterprise consists in the acting of Miss Athene Seyler in the rôle of the challenging heroine, delicious in its high spirits and its dainty artistry.

A DISRAELI ADAPTATION AT THE KINGSWAY. Any adaptation of a Disraeli novel was bound to



WINNERS OF THE VIZIANAGRAM CHALLENGE CUP AT BISLEY: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TEAM.

From left to right (seated) are seen Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. Tryon, late Grenadier Guards, who scored 81; Lieut.-Col. Sir P. W. Richardson, Northumberland Fusiliers, who scored 95; Major R. W. Barnett, late 36th Ulster Div., 98; Major Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, late Scots Guards, 97; and Colonel Lambert Ward, H.A.C., 85.

Photograph by Topical.

date, and it is, perhaps, not altogether Miss Edith Millbank's fault that her stage version of "Tancred," given at the Kingsway, seems a farrago of old-fashioned stage conventionality and pompous rhetoric. The best things in it are the epigrams of Fakredean, Prince of Lebanon, some of which a Wilde or a Shaw could not have bettered, and a tirade or two as to Britain's imperial destiny that to-day, especially in reference to Delhi, Egypt, and Palestine, have quite a prophetic ring. Mr. Lawrence Hannay and Mr. Hector Abbas deserve praise for their acting.

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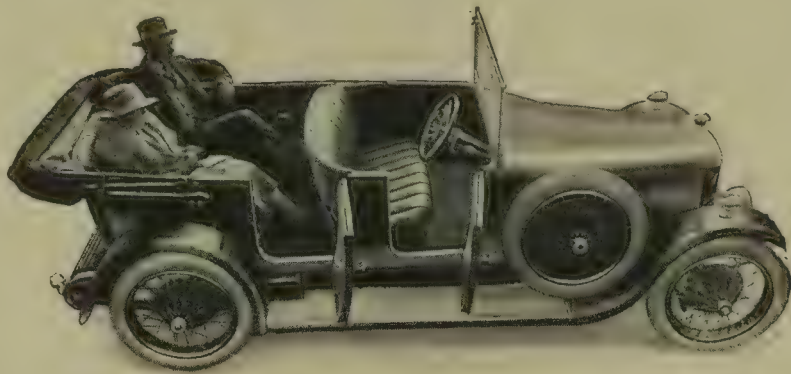
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SOME RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

IN view of the extremely heavy advance bookings to the Continent for the August Bank Holiday period, the Southern Railway have arranged for a special relief service to run on Saturday, Aug. 4, from London to Boulogne, for the coast of Picardy; to Etaples, for Le Touquet; to Amiens, for the Battlefields and War Graves; and to Paris.



A CHARMING STUDY OF CHILD LIFE: MASTER JOHN MACKINTOSH, THE LITTLE SON OF SIR HAROLD AND LADY MACKINTOSH.

The arrival in Paris has been timed to connect with the night expresses to Switzerland, Italy, etc.

In connection with the opening of the grouse shooting season, the London and North-Eastern Railway Company are arranging for the service of trains on the East Coast route, which is the shortest and quickest from London to Edinburgh, Perth, Inverness, Dundee, and Aberdeen, to be augmented as necessary to meet the expected heavy demand for accommodation. Intending passengers are advised to make early application to the Station Master at King's Cross for sleeping berths, seats, or compartments to be reserved.

The London, Midland, and Scottish list of August Bank Holiday excursions is exceptionally large this year. Programmes giving details are now being printed and will be available shortly. From Euston excursion tickets issued on Friday, Aug. 3, to stations in England, Wales, and Scotland will be available for four, five, eight, and fifteen days, and those to stations in Ireland up to fifteen days only. Excursion tickets issued on Saturday to Birmingham and district will be available for three, four, eight, or fifteen days. Cheap bookings will be in operation to a number of local stations from Euston and other London stations on Monday, Aug. 6.

From St. Pancras the excursion tickets issued on Friday, Aug. 3, for Scotland will be available for four, five, eight, or fifteen days: to Belfast for returning any day within fifteen days; and on Saturday, Aug. 4, to stations in England and Wales, for three, four, eight, or fifteen days. There will be daily excursions at varying times to South-end-on-Sea and Westcliff. Week-end tickets issued on Friday, Aug. 3, and Saturday, Aug. 4, will be available for return on the following Monday or Tuesday, by any train, or on Sunday, Aug. 5 (where the train service permits), by any train after 6 a.m. Passengers wishing to complete their arrangements now should apply to any station-master or agent of the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway Company for programme.

"THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC."

THE special Goodwood Number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* is now on sale, and, though its particular appeal is for this week to followers of the Turf, there are pictures and articles covering all sports which will interest every type of sportsman. Given

gratis with this issue is a photogravure supplement of Happy Man, winner of the last Gold Cup at Ascot, and of Mumtaz Mahal, the Aga Khan's wonderful Tetrarch filly. Of Goodwood House, where the Duke of Richmond and Gordon will entertain his royal visitors, there are some really splendid interior photographs, besides studio portraits in colour of the Duke himself and his two daughters, the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Violet Brassey, who are acting as his hostesses this year. In addition, there are some studies of Goodwood personalities by "The Tout," and a racing story by Mr. F. C. Buley in quite his best style. On the subject of cricket there are some first-class photographs of the Gentlemen v. Players match, along with a drawing by Mr. Charles Grave, who views the great Lord's trial from his own richly humorous angle. The tennis of the day is dealt with in Mr. Wallis Myers' weekly article, and is illustrated by photographs of the Services Tournament at Queen's Club. And many pages also are devoted to the drama.



THE CHAIRMAN AT THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE BRITISH PHARMACEUTICAL CONFERENCE: MR. F. W. GAMBLE.

From July 23 to 27 the British Pharmaceutical Society has been holding its Diamond Jubilee celebrations, in combination with those of the International Pharmaceutical Society. Mr. F. W. Gamble, Ph.C., F.C.S., the Joint Chairman, is an outstanding figure in pharmaceutical circles, and a Director of Messrs. Allen and Hanburys.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

After varied experiments, including some with a two-ton lorry, it has been ascertained that the Kegresse-Hinstin attachment—the device which, fitted to Citroën cars, made the crossing of the Sahara possible—is adaptable without difficulty to almost any make of car or lorry. This opens up distinct possibilities, e.g., to motor-lorry manufacturers with an overseas market, who, by obtaining license rights from the Citroën-Kegresse organisation, can turn out a complete Kegresse-fitted vehicle from their own works.

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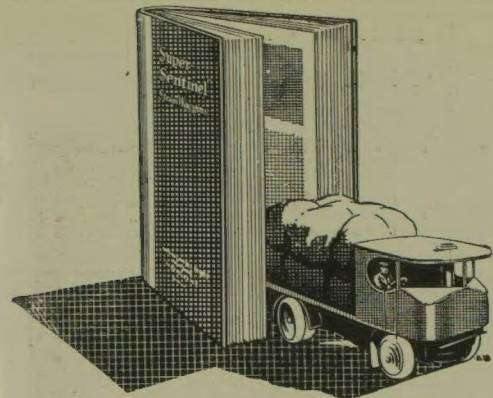
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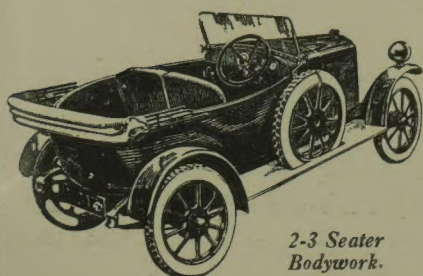
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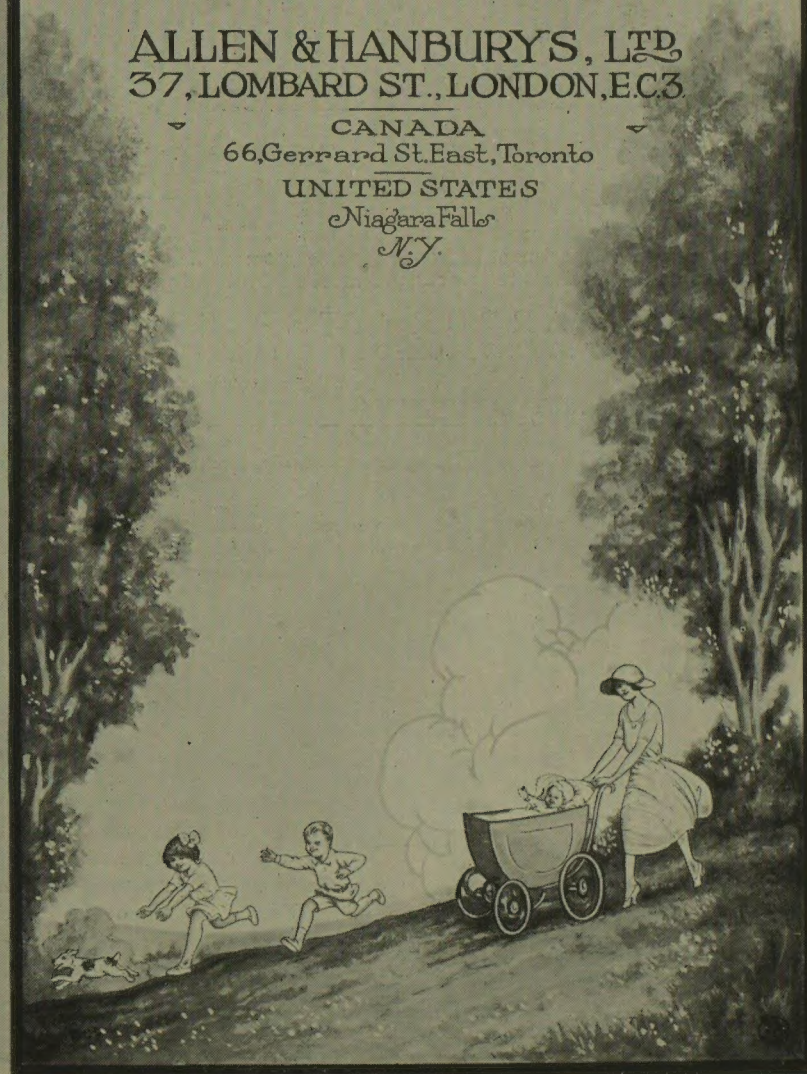
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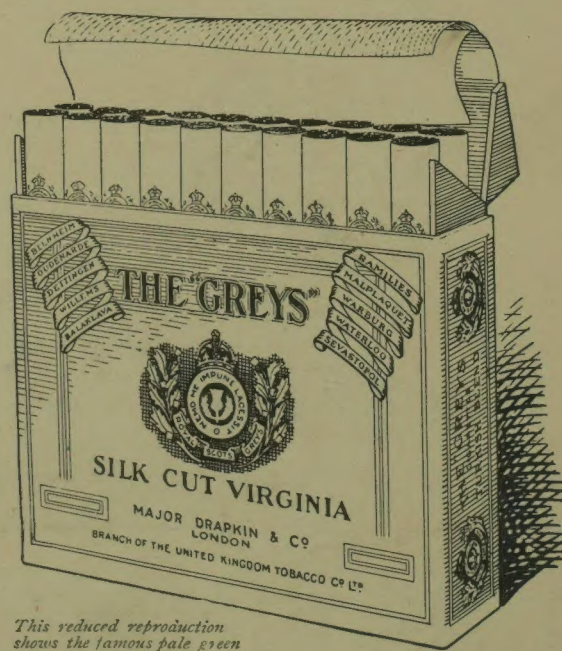
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